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The Shape of Things

THE MARINES, SO TO SPEAK, HAVE LANDED in the State Department and the situation is well in hand. What passes for rebellion in the old gray headquarters of American diplomacy has been crushed. With Under Secretary Sumner Welles out of the way, Cordell Hull can now concentrate intensively on the shooting aspects of the war, which he holds to be the function of a Secretary of State in a moment of world-wide political upheaval. In his spare time he can work on reciprocal tariff schedules, secure in the knowledge that no subordinate will complicate his life with long-range plans which at least take notice of the profound changes now sweeping over the world. The Secretary's most ardent apologists have taken the tack that he has been unfairly blamed for bungling our foreign relations when those relations have in fact been conducted by the President. There is, we regretfully believe, something in the argument. But it leaves Mr. Hull and his aides with the curious defense that after all they don't count for much. With the new unanimity to be achieved by replacing Welles with a more tractable and less imaginative figure (otherwise why make the shift?) the Department presumably will count for still less. Here at home we may take this impotence for granted, but what about foreign statesmen who assume that the Department and its agents represent power, authority, and purpose? Confronted with removal of the Department's leading advocate of friendly relations with Russia and its most far-sighted internationalist, aren't they likely to suffer an increase of that "suspicion and confusion" which Mr. Hull wrathfully attributed to the inaccuracy of reporters?

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THE PRESIDENT'S NEW LEND-LEASE REPORT contains three points of major political importance. The first, which is sure to stir a storm among petty minds and ungrateful hearts, is Mr. Roosevelt's statement that "victory and a secure peace are the only coin in which we can be repaid." It is too much to hope that the demagogues in Congress will remember that there can never be adequate repayment for the millions of Russian lives lost on the Eastern front, or for the heroic courage and constancy of the British people. In more than two years of lend-lease we have given all our allies the equivalent

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of just about two months' current war output. Who would play Shylock for so relatively small a contribution? The second point revolves around the question of food exports to our allies. The Hearst-Patterson-McCormick press has sought to make it appear that we are starving ourselves to feed our allies. This would be commendable and heroic, but it is not true. Actually, our contribution to our allies in terms of food is revealed to be far less, both relatively and absolutely, than in World War I. Finally, the report shows that at a time when the Russians were preparing for the third great Nazi offensive, and for what has turned out to be their own unexpectedly successful counter-offensive, lend-lease shipments to the Soviet fell steadily in value. A high of 233 millions of dollars reached in April was followed by 178 millions in May, and 139 millions in June, the lowest point since last October. Though the explanation for this is that the U. S. S. R. decided to take low-cost foodstuffs instead of high-cost arms, the real answer is that the meager amount of shipping allocated to the Russians forced them to make this choice.

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LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN'S APPOINTMENT as chief of the new Allied Southeast Asia Command operating from India and Ceylon is generally regarded as confirming the expectation of a drive against Burma at the end of the present monsoon season. Lord Louis, former head of the Commandos, is Britain's foremost specialist in combined land, sea, and air operations, and is therefore peculiarly qualified for the difficult and complex operations that will be required in Burma. Since an overland attack in force from India is out of the question because of the lack of roads, it is usually taken for granted that the Burma offensive will start with an amphibious attack on Rangoon, followed by a drive up the Irrawaddy valley. Even with the most careful preparations this is bound to be a difficult undertaking. In expectation of such a drive the Japanese are reported to be dispatching large numbers of troops and a considerable amount of supplies to the Rangoon area. It is possible that in order to avoid the hazards of a direct assault the Allied forces might first seize that part of Thailand which straddles the Malay peninsula, thus outflanking the Japanese position in Burma. But since a successful attack against any of these points presupposes overwhelming naval as well as air supremacy, it may be assumed that mopping up in the Mediterranean will be completed before the Burmese offensive opens.

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THE AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTION HAS resulted in a striking vote of confidence for Prime Minister John Curtin and his Labor government. In the previous Parliament membership was evenly divided between the Labor Party and the two chief opposition groups, the United Australia Party and the Country Party. The balance of power was held by two independents who normally supported Labor. Complete returns are not yet available but it is certain that Labor has won a safe majority and it may have as many as fifty-one seats out of seventy-five. It will also have a clear majority in the upper house when the newly elected senators take office next July. These results are all the more remarkable since the Australian system of preferential voting encourages independents and minorities, making it difficult for any party to attain a real majority unless the tide is running very strongly in its favor. Like General Smuts in South Africa, Mr. Curtin proved shrewd in his timing of the election. The tremendous improvement in the Pacific outlook as compared with a year ago certainly influenced the electorate. There is no doubt that the Labor government has backed General MacArthur stoutly, and both Curtin and his Minister of External Affairs, Herbert Evatt, have steered a skilful course in the tricky waters of United Nations diplomacy, keeping Australia's interests and the Pacific front well to the fore without raising British blood pressure too violently.

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FINLAND, LIKE MANY OF THE OTHER AXIS satellites, has recently displayed an increasing desire to get out of the war on as good terms as possible. A rough idea of the kind of terms that the Finnish government is willing to discuss was conveyed last week to a British trade-union official by Eero Vuori, president of the Trade-Union Federation of Finland. All dreams of a "Greater Finland" appear to have been forgotten, and all that is now asked is somewhat more favorable terms than those of 1940 plus a Soviet forty-year guarantee of Finnish sovereignity. A few days before Vuori's visit, a group of fifty prominent Finns petitioned President Ryti to dismiss Premier Linkomies and replace him by former Premier Paasikivi, who is believed to be persona grata in Moscow. Some such political shift is obviously necessary before the Finns can hope to convince Russia, or anyone else, that their desire to get out of the war is serious. But even then, the new Finnish government would find itself in virtually the same position as the Badoglio government in Italy. It could not make peace without ejecting, or permitting the United Nations to eject, the German troops now on its soil. And Russia presumably would insist, as we must insist in Italy, on full military freedom for future operations against the Nazis. Unconditional surrender is as essential in the case of the satellites as it is for the major Axis powers. Finland's future boundaries, indeed its existence as an independent country, will inevitably depend on the success of the United Nations in forging a system of collective security which will assure Russia—and the rest of Europe—against aggression.

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CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, EMINENT Republican and author of popular fiction, has been searching his soul and has made the great discovery that isolationism is passé. But his former myopia has not been replaced by far-sightedness; he forswears a shrinking nationalism only to proclaim a grasping imperialism. True, there is a slight flavor of internationalism about some of the five "zones of safety" for the United States which he has outlined. But he makes it quite clear that it is the fifth zone which really counts. This modest proposal calls for an "impregnable" America with a five-ocean navy and "an air force so numerous and efficient as to stand alone." In addition "we must possess, by friendly negotiation if we may, by occupation if we must . . . those bases which will perfect the fortifications of the United States." This means that "the Pacific Ocean must become an American lake" and that we must take over Casablanca and Dakar as well as permanent bases in Iceland and Greenland. Curiously enough, Mr. Kelland is able to couple with such ideas as these a proposal to set up a "trusteeship" for the conquered and "bankrupt" nations. Trustees who help themselves to the property they are appointed to conserve are not usually very highly regarded, and if Mr. Kelland's program is carried out we must expect to find America generally denounced as an aggressor nation, with other countries banding themselves together to seek security against our domination. Neither peace nor safety are to be found in this post-war variety of "America First."

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WHILE THE COX COMMITTEE CARRIES ON ITS chairman's vendetta with the Federal Communications Commission, there is still no sign that Attorney General Biddle intends to act on evidence in his hands which shows that Representative Cox received $2,500 from a radio station with an application before the commission. It is a felony for a congressman to practice law before a Federal agency, but all the roles have been reversed in this case and Cox is prosecuting the FCC instead of the Attorney General prosecuting Cox. The FCC's latest crime seems to be that it tried to keep pro-Fascists off Italian foreign-language broadcasts in time of war. We find it hard to consider this a heinous offense. Chairman James L. Fly of the FCC points out in a letter to the New York *Times* that "after six months of 'investigation' and seven months of 'hearings,' the committee has still not afforded the commission an opportunity to answer any of the charges or to get a word in edgewise." Unfortunately too few seem to agree with Chairman Fly's declaration that "The Congressional power of investigation is too essential an instrument for maintaining the health of our body politic to permit it to be prostituted for personal vengeance." The Cox Committee "investigation" goes on.

Second-Class Ally

INSTEAD of being cool, vague, cagy, and unofficial, our relations with the French Committee of National Liberation are henceforth to be cool, vague, cagy, and official. This is the first major political achievement to emerge from the fateful talks at Quebec.

The Frenchmen who in four years have never relaxed in their fight against the Axis have no alternative now but to accept with humble thanks their allies' recognition of the committee's existence—however delayed, graceless, and qualified. But those of us who are not bound by the enervating niceties of diplomatic talk have a certain obligation to call a cipher a cipher.

Precisely what has been changed by the recognition formula which, with slight variations, has been announced by the United States, Britain, and Canada? The committee did not constitute a French government in exile before and it is not accepted as such a government now. The committee was not regarded as a trustee for French national interests before, and it is not so regarded now. The committee rated no seat at the council table of the United Nations before, and it rates no seat now. The de facto authority of the committee in French territories has now become an authority de jure. That is all.

It is too late to argue the validity of the Anglo-American position that fuller recognition would violate the rights of the French people; to point out, for instance, that the recognized government of Czechoslovakia is headed by a man who was teaching history in Chicago when the war broke out, whereas the French Committee is led by a high-ranking member of the last legitimate government of the French Republic; or that the recognized government of Poland has had no indorsement from the country it represents in London, whereas the French committee is the accepted authority of French territories with a population of 60,000,000, and has moreover been formally indorsed by the heads of every political party of France except Pétain's, by every labor union, and by every underground organization.

Except for the judgments of history, these arguments are water over the dam. What remains pertinent for the present and for the future are two clearly revealed facts. First, Britain and the United States have again given the Soviet Union an opportunity to take advantage of their diplomatic ineptitude. By recognizing the committee as "representative of the state interests of the French Republic," the Russians have pressed home the advantage, and if a future De Gaullist government of France proves friendlier to Russia than to us, only the Krocks and Lindleys will wonder why.

The second pertinent fact is that the British and American governments have made official what was only speculative before. When France is occupied by Allied

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troops, the committee will enjoy no jurisdiction on its native soil—not even pending an election. Instead, in the name of democracy, we shall subject France to military rule carried out in collaboration with whatever forces we consider expedient. These might include General Giraud's army, and if that isn't expedient enough we might choose to work with a Vichy officialdom which today has no inkling of the love for democracy that will sweep over it with the coming of our troops.

No Separate Peace

THE lack of a real understanding with Russia clouds the political horizon. Only two new facts have emerged since the end of the Quebec conference: the return to London of former Ambassador Ivan Maisky, perhaps to prepare a visit from Molotov; and the announced departure for Moscow of President Benes, who has finally secured the consent of the Allies to a Russian-Czechoslovakian pact.

If these are good omens, they are somehow counterbalanced by the icy silence with which Russia has greeted the Quebec communiqué and Roosevelt's speech in Ottawa, both published in the Soviet press without a word of comment. Only a meeting between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin will constitute a real step forward, and then only if it results in an honest recognition that permanent collaboration between the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union is as indispensable to victory as to the establishment of a lasting peace.

It is not generally known that before the Quebec conference a general exchange of views on the military situation took place between the United States, Britain, and Russia. From all reports, the discussions were the most outspoken that have yet occurred between the staffs and diplomatic agencies of the three nations. The Anglo-American representatives are said to have credited the victories in North Africa and Sicily to extraordinary Allied superiority in men and material and to have told the Russians frankly that a similar superiority, capable of producing victory on the kind of front the Russians demand, can be achieved only in 1944. To draw off sixty German divisions from the eastern front and to tackle as well the forty divisions which Hitler holds as a central reserve would require, they calculated on the basis of the African and Sicilian experience, no less than 250 Allied divisions. Such a force will not be available until 1944. For the British and Americans that settles the question.

Of course, the Allies are preparing other fronts in various parts of Europe, though not precisely the kind of operation the Russians seek. In the discussions that preceded Quebec, the western Allies tried to convince the Soviet Union that the accomplishments of the last ten months had averted one great danger—the threat of a break-through by the Nazi armies in the interior of Russia. Sicily and the menace of invasion had already immobilized the "strategic reserve" which otherwise would have been thrown into the critical battle of Orel. The reduction of U-boat activities safeguarded the passage of as much war material as Russia might need in the near future. And the operations of the R. A. F. and the American Army Air Force engaged a large part of the Luftwaffe.

The Russians were not convinced. They insisted more bluntly than ever that a great opportunity had been lost last year at the time of the Battle of Stalingrad, and a still greater one this year, when combined action of the three great armies might have guaranteed victory in 1943. Moreover, they were extremely dissatisfied with the way the British and Americans were handling the political issues of the war with regard to the French, to Italy, and to Spain—without giving due consideration to Russian views. And behind everything the old Russian suspicions, to which we referred last week, continued to fester.

It is in the light of these differences that we must view the series of political events culminating in the recall of Ambassador Litvinov, which because of its timing must be regarded as a warning of political character.

Russia's first political stroke was the formation of the Free Germany Committee in Moscow in the middle of July. Elsewhere in this issue, Joachim Joesten presents an analysis of the committee's program and personnel. His information is enlightening. It would seem to us Russia had two motives in forming the committee. The first was to establish a front within Germany in order to wage real political war against nazism. For that purpose the formula of unconditional surrender is too rigid. It leaves no margin for an intelligent political strategy, while the Russian move, on the other hand, opens a hopeful door to the German people. In the second place, and only in the second place, the formation of the committee gave the Russians a trump card to bid against the Allied powers.

We do not believe that Russia is playing with the idea of a seperate peace, or that it has done so at any time since the German attack. But if we abandon the Russians to the kind of war they have been waging for the last two years, entailing fantastic losses, colossal destruction, and an increasingly grave food situation, they may be obliged to reconsider their future course of action. Should they do so, however, it would not be necessary for them to accept the tragic consequences of a separate peace, won at the cost of six million Russian dead. They could do something else. They could imitate British and American military behavior in the past eighteen months. They could say, at the moment when their armies have reconquered the most important part of the Ukraine, that they need time to reorganize before going ahead, and that they will wait for the Allies to enter the war with

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their full weight. That would mean, not a separate peace but a kind of military stalemate, full of danger for the common cause of the United Nations.

Britain's Fifth Year

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

London, August 26, by Cable

THE fourth anniversary of the start of the war finds Britain stronger than it was in 1939. That is something Hitler cannot say about his nation. The war is actually here as an established part of life. Since the end of the Blitz it has even come to have its compensations as well as its sorrows and heavy burdens. You feel as you talk to people and watch them at work that the country could if necessary go on producing and fighting indefinitely.

Everybody says the people are tired. Certainly they have a right to be, for they are working, as they have worked since Dunkirk, at a steady, heavy pace. But they show their weariness very little. In the war plants they tackle their jobs with apparent energy, though the work day is long. The workers seem matter of fact and have little of the skeptical what's-it-all-about attitude you often meet at home. This is not only a product of British temperament; it springs also from a living realization on the part of every individual that this island escaped invasion and defeat by something like a miracle—a miracle compounded of Hitler's error in calculation and Britain's upsurge of resolve and effort. People refer to that period, and particularly to the Blitz itself, as if it were a cherished possession of the nation, a source of lasting pride and power. One thing is certain: the terrible durability of this people is a greater war asset than all the conquests of the Nazis.

But when this has been set down for the record some other things remain to be said. Britain is not a nation of robots. The unity is real; as in no other country the people have acquired habits of cooperation on a level so nearly unconscious that they might be called instinctive. But even while the war goes on, political and social forces are at work breaking up old patterns and creating new ones. British unity not only allows for differences; it would not exist if differences were not permitted expression. Today issues that remained submerged during the earlier part of the war are bubbling to the surface. The row over the affiliation of public-service unions with the Trade Unions Congress, still unsettled as I write, is a case in point. The long pending question of equal pay for women is being raised simultaneously in several parts of the country. I stumbled into it just the other day in the course of a visit to a great mass-production airplane-engine plant. A demand for the same rates for identical work had recently been made by the shop stewards. The management had resisted any change and a strike was threatened. Finally the dispute was submitted to a tribunal, which still has it under advisement. But in the course of the negotiations the workers' representatives themselves divided over the strike issue. Some of the shop stewards in the plant are Communists and they of course were instructed to oppose a strike. But the left sentiments of several were strong enough to outweigh their party loyalty and they actually resigned from the party in order to free their hands for action.

This situation illustrates the sort of differences that are beginning to emerge. All down the line you find evidence of impatience with a status quo which has given labor security and jobs but has robbed it of freedom to act. When the war ends the worker will want his freedom back and will demand security and a job as well. Personally I believe this is about all he wants, but it may be a more revolutionary desire than it sounds. The prospect of his getting it without a fight both in the plant and at the polls is not bright. Even the most reactionary British industrialists are on the average far more enlightened than their American counterparts; they realize more clearly the consequences which would follow a collapse of production after the war. But unless government controls are applied on a scale which in peace-time would look suspiciously like socialism, such a collapse would seem inevitable. In any case, workers with whom I have talked regard the future warily. They trust neither the government nor the employers, and they are waiting to see what their own leaders will do when the truce ends. There is more skepticism than militancy in their attitude, but militancy could easily arise out of disappointed hopes.

Among all sorts of people I find deep concern about post-war prospects in general. Everybody asks me about America's position. Will we "pull out," as we did last time? The antics of the isolationist and Pacific-first elements are followed with anxiety. Will we set out to capture world markets while Britain is still struggling with problems of reconstruction, or will we come to some agreement for the international control of trade? The genial idiocies of Eric Johnston have aroused widespread comment and private dismay in business as in other circles. And finally, what on earth is the explanation of our foreign policy and what sort of Europe are we hoping to create? This last question is more frequently put to me than either of the others, especially, but not by any means exclusively, by people of left or liberal sympathies. To a degree unknown in the United States the common man here looks upon his country's struggle as part of a universal integrated war, which includes not only every fighting front today but all the lost battles of yesterday. Spain and Austria are in his mind as well as Dunkirk.

The President's firm reputation in this country as the "undaunted champion of the rights of free man and the mighty leader of the forces of freedom," to quote Mac-

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kenzie King, makes our policy toward France and Italy and Spain and our apparent willingness to alienate Russia "incomprehensible" to most Britons. In their own government they see divergent tendencies. They may accuse the Prime Minister of an undue desire to please the President and an undue reluctance to grapple with the political aspects of the war, but they also see contrary motives at work, such as produced the timely intervention of Mr. Eden last spring. In America's foreign policy they see only bewildering inconsistency. This attitude has been expressed to me by all sorts of people, from important government officials to shipyard workers on the Clyde. They know they can defeat Hitler and they expect to do it before the fifth year of war is ended. But it is quite another thing to defeat the forces that threaten to rob victory of its meaning, especially when they find among them leaders upon whom they had counted as their strongest allies.

The President and Sumner Welles

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, August 27

THE grudging, cold, and ambiguous form in which we have finally recognized the French Committee of National Liberation places the affair of Sumner Welles in a new light. There is little doubt that the President would hardly have asked the resignation of so close a friend as the Under Secretary unless he had been under strong pressure to do so. Secretary Hull's implied denial that he had threatened to resign unless Welles was removed is probably true, though the truth is of that disingenuous and split-hair variety so beloved of cracker-barrel sophists and experienced diplomats. The threat was made for Hull by Senator Connally and "Assistant President" Byrnes, and the President may have felt that he had no choice but to sacrifice Welles as he had earlier sacrificed Moley. The appalling question raised by the way in which we have recognized the French Committee is whether the President himself, considering the trend of his foreign policy, will not feel more comfortable with Welles out of the way.

The fact is that on French policy, Roosevelt, Hull, and Leahy decline to recognize the true state of affairs despite what their own men in the field and their more capable subordinates at home have been telling them. From North Africa, Robert Murphy—yes, Murphy—has been bombarding the State Department with cables recommending in ever stronger terms that we grant full recognition to the French National Committee. This represents a change in Murphy's original point of view, a change inescapable for any man actually in the field, as proven by the fact that every other State Department representative abroad whose work touches at all on French affairs agrees with Murphy.

A count of heads in the State Department itself would show a majority for full recognition. I don't know whether Berle is still up in his metaphysical clouds talking of a mysterious "Third France" which he says is for neither Pétain nor De Gaulle; that was his line some months ago. I feel sure that Assistant Secretary of State Breckinridge Long and Political Adviser James Clement Dunn do not disagree with Hull. But I have learned from several informed sources that Welles, Assistant Secretary of State Dean Acheson, and most of the younger men in the department have felt for weeks that we were making a mistake in not granting recognition, genuine recognition, to the French Committee. And the real obstacle has not been the wavering Hull and his departmental sycophants so much as the White House. President Roosevelt is deeply prejudiced against De Gaulle and Leahy continues to think of Pétain as an old friend. I believe, and I have more than my own hunch to go upon, that both expect to make another deal with Pétain when our troops enter France.

There is a more important aspect to this affair of the French Committee of National Liberation. The President, as a compromise with Hull (Mr. Roosevelt, it now appears, hates to fire anybody but a real progressive), has wanted to keep Welles on in a kind of roving ambassadorship, especially to deal with the Soviet Union. The Russians, who were very suspicious of Welles for telling them before June 22 that Hitler would attack, have come to take a more appreciative attitude toward him since. Welles is no radical; he is only occasionally liberal. His outlook is about that of a sensible business man who prefers a shrewd adjustment to realities to butting his head against a stone wall. Against the background of the State Department, this has made Welles appear extraordinarily competent and contemporary.

Of all our professional diplomats, except Davies, Welles is the one who would be most welcome at Moscow. But Welles is said to fear that his efforts there would be abortive. If Hull and his men could politically cut Welles's throat while he was in Washington, what couldn't they do to him while he was away in Moscow? How much could he accomplish against the 1919-capitalist mentality of Hull and the pro-Franco and anti-

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Soviet prejudices of Dunn, who now emerges as the most powerful office politician in the department?

To these questions the form in which we have recognized the French National Committee adds another, even more serious. How far could Welles count on understanding and support from Roosevelt himself? The American statement on the committee is more than inept. Its evasiveness, plus the fact that there were separate statements from the three great powers and that the Soviets gave the committee full recognition "as representative of the state interests of the French Republic," does not speak well for Roosevelt's political acumen.

If the President cannot do a better job of diplomacy than this on so limited a question as the French Committee, what hope is there on the major issues of the coming peace? The rift between the Soviet Union and the Anglo-American powers has been widened, and widened unnecessarily. For events in North Africa have shown that the Committee of National Liberation is strong enough to have its way despite Washington and London, and the Soviet statement, though forthright, admirably takes care of the "constitutional" anxieties evinced by the State Department pundits. Moscow does not recognize the committee as a "provisional" government. Sound policy would have won French gratitude by granting what the committee will obtain in any case, and maintained a united front of the three powers. As it is, even the Latin American countries are following Russia, and Russia by sheer political good sense and realism has emerged to take world diplomatic leadership on a basic question not only for the French but for the people of all the occupied countries.

I am reluctantly compelled to believe that the retirement of Welles as Under Secretary is more than the product of political blackmail by Hull and the Southern bloc. It fits too well into the pattern of the President's steady drift toward the right. The result, especially if Breckinridge Long becomes Under Secretary and Dunn Assistant Secretary, will be further to unfit our already antiquated State Department for the great diplomatic tasks ahead. Welles is Roosevelt's friend; but so is Dunn. On Spanish policy, Welles and Roosevelt were pro-Loyalist in thought, but in action Roosevelt took his stand with the pro-Franco clique led by Dunn. The bond between that clique and the White House is the orientation toward the Vatican in European affairs which seems to be a permanent feature of Roosevelt's foreign policy, albeit largely for domestic political reasons. We may be sure that Moscow will read these signs less hesitantly than we old pro-Rooseveltians.

Stalin's New Germany

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

RUSSIA'S absence from the Quebec conference, the growing impatience of the Soviet press over the delay in opening a second front in Western Europe, the continuing Polish-Soviet dispute, the formation of a Free Germany Committee in Moscow on July 12, and now, on top of everything else, Litvinov's replacement at Washington (a few weeks after Maisky's recall from London) are all ominous signs of Russian displeasure with the Western Allies.

In London and Washington each of these moves has been received with pained surprise mingled with irritation. The trouble with most of our statesmen is that they underestimate the bold imagination which inspires Stalin's foreign policy. They do not appreciate the peculiar sense of humor which prompts the Soviet Premier to confound his friends as well as his enemies—especially if he questions the extent of their good faith.

The full import of the Free Germany Committee has not yet, I believe, been realized in this country. There has been widespread wonder and speculation, but most of the conjectures advanced are wide of the mark. For instance, the fact that the committee is sponsored and apparently bossed by a number of old Communist wheelhorses has been widely interpreted as signifying that it is just another product of the nominally disbanded Comintern. Nothing could be more misleading. A study of the committee's personnel and program leads to the conclusion that, politically, it is not a Communist outfit and that it is not intended to provoke a proletarian revolution in Germany. It is, on the contrary, a horselaugh directed at our Bolshevist-bogy peddlers. The specter that haunts these little souls is purely imaginary, whereas they are blind to the real danger that faces them.

Stalin is much too smart to plan for a Soviet Germany because he is fully aware that such a Germany would eventually dominate Russia. The Germans, with their extraordinary talent for organization, their resources, and their central position in Europe, would soon get the upper hand, and within a few years the center of gravity would shift from Moscow to Berlin. Soviet Russia would become an annex of Soviet Germany. This is not what the Russian nationalist Stalin has tenaciously worked and fought for. His purposes would be much better served by a Germany that was neither Communist

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nor Fascist; a Germany that was different from, but friendly toward, the Soviet Union.

The formation of the Free Germany Committee may well constitute an underhand Russian bid for a separate peace and a subsequent alliance with Germany. But this would not be the kind of alliance between revolutionary states that failed so conspicuously in the years after the last war; it would be an alliance between a socialist but nationalist Russia and a democratic but nationalist Germany.

In analyzing the program and the composition of the German committee in Moscow, we must start from the evident premise that no political manifestation is possible in Russia today that does not have the backing of the Soviet government. The Free Germany group in Moscow is not only tolerated by the Soviet government but has been given the widest possible publicity. First *Pravda* and then all other major Soviet newspapers played up the story of its formation as a world event of the first magnitude. Some issues of *Freies Deutschland*, the committee's German-language paper, comprised millions of copies, although there is an acute newsprint shortage in the U. S. S. R. Hence we are fully justified in believing that the program of the Free Germans in Moscow tells us exactly what Stalin intends to do about Germany.

What is this program? It is certainly not inspired by a demand for unconditional surrender. It is an attempt to save Germany from dismemberment and destruction. And not only Germany but its army too—the same army that is now at death grips with the forces of the Soviet! The manifesto published by the committee on July 21 is explicit:

> The troops of England and America are at the gates of Europe. . . . The hour of collapse is approaching . . . *but Germany must not die!* To be or not to be—such is the question today facing our country. . . . The German people need immediate peace and long for it, but nobody will conclude peace with Hitler. . . . Hence the formation of a genuine national German government is the most urgent task of our people. . . . This government . . . will be supported by the fighting groups that will unite to overthrow Hitler. *There are forces in the army that are loyal to the country,* and the people must play a decisive role [my italics].

What kind of government do the Free Germans want? The manifesto supplies the answer: "A strong, democratic power that will have nothing in common with the helpless Weimar régime. . . . This government will immediately cease military operations, recall German troops to the Reich's frontiers, and embark on peace negotiations, renouncing all conquests. In this manner it will attain peace and once again place Germany on an equal footing with other nations."

The most noteworthy feature of this manifesto is that it nowhere so much as hints at the establishment of a Soviet régime in Germany. It repeatedly calls for a democratic government, explicitly recognizes the right to lawfully acquired property, and pictures a Germany peaceful, cooperative, progressive. There would be no reason whatever for alarm except for one factor: the committee is clearly committed to salvaging the German army. It is indeed a remarkable performance for old Communist Party whips like Walter Ulbricht, Erwin Hoernle, Wilhelm Florin, and the former secretary of the Comintern, Wilhelm Pieck, to affix their signatures to a manifesto that calls on German soldiers *not* to turn their rifles against their own officers, but to "hold on to them under the leadership of those commanders who recognize their responsibility, . . . boldly clearing the path that will lead your country to peace."

Later declarations of the committee go even further in their repudiation of the revolutionary ways of 1918. In a recent issue of *Freies Deutschland,* Major Herbert Soesslein, a leading member of the committee, wrote: "We are opposed to fomenting demoralization in the *Wehrmacht.* We do not intend to incite the soldiers to abandon their arms and retreat in disorder. . . . We must avert at all costs any repetition of the events of 1918. We must avoid all anarchy and undisciplined behavior. . . . Our slogan is reconstruction, not destruction."

In the same article, Major Soesslein describes the German army—which the Western democracies have vowed to destroy so utterly that it will never rise again!—as "a valuable instrument which must be preserved at any cost and in full," and he claims that "construction of a strong democracy will require the support of a strongly welded army led by officers who realize their responsibilities."

The Moscow dispatch to the *Christian Science Monitor* from which these citations are taken provides another, most revealing, side light on the character of the Free Germany Committee. Its organ, *Freies Deutschland,* carries on its masthead a German flag. Not the red banner of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg; not the black, red, and gold flag of the Weimar Republic; no—the red, white, and black of Imperial Germany, the beloved symbol of Alfred Hugenberg, the *Stahlhelm,* the Reichswehr, and the Junkers!

Now let us have a look at the membership of the Free Germany Committee. It certainly is the most strangely assorted company that I have ever seen banded together for a common political purpose. Of the thirty-four signers of the July manifesto, twelve are exiled members of the German Communist Party. Of these twelve, five were Reichstag deputies—Pieck, Ulbricht, Florin, Hoernle, and Martha Arendsee—and four are well-known writers and poets—Johannes R. Becher, Willi Bredel, Friedrich Wolf, and Erich Weinert, the last named being chairman of the executive committee. All the others are prisoners of war, half of them officers. The group includes three majors and two captains, and two of the officers were

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university professors before they were pressed into uniform.

Among the captive officers, two names stand out: those of Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, member of one of Germany's oldest aristocratic families and a great-grandson of Bismarck, and Bernt von Kügelgen, son of the well-known editor and publisher Paul Siegwart Konstantin von Kügelgen, who for many years owned the Saint Petersburg *Zeitung*. He too is a typical German Junker.

Even before the Free Germany Committee was launched, the Russians printed and showered over the German lines thousands of leaflets bearing a picture of Count von Einsiedel in the Luftwaffe uniform in which he was shot down near Stalingrad in August, 1942. The picture shows Einsiedel holding in his hands a poster on which a towering, masterful Bismarck sternly and contemptuously points at a little Hitler in the lower right-hand corner, with the legend, "This man is leading Germany toward catastrophe." The leaflet represents Einsiedel as saying: "A war of Germany against Russia is stupid and without chance [of success]. This my great-grandfather, Otto von Bismarck, said again and again, and every soldier must daily become more convinced of its truth." This Bismarckian touch is perhaps the most interesting feature about Moscow's Free Germany movement. The Russians evidently are pursuing a *Rückversicherungspolitik* of their own, and it is not difficult to guess against whom they are thus reinsuring themselves.

The almost inescapable conclusion is that through the Free Germany Committee Stalin is stretching out a hand toward Germany, not of course the Germany of Adolf Hitler, which he has vowed to destroy, but a new, chastised Germany that will be the Soviet Union's ally. Together the two nations would form the greatest Continental power in history. It is particularly worthy of note how closely the program of the Free Germans follows the policy which Stalin laid down months before the Casablanca Conference. In his historic address to the Moscow Soviet last November, Stalin said:

> It is not our aim to destroy Germany, for it is impossible to destroy Germany, . . . but the Hitlerite state can and should be destroyed, and our first task, in fact, is to destroy the Hitlerite state and its inspirers. . . . It is not our aim to destroy all military forces in Germany, for every literate person will understand that this is not only impossible, . . . but it is also inadvisable from the point of view of the future. But Hitler's army can and should be destroyed. . . . Our second task is, in fact, to destroy Hitler's army and its leaders. . . . Our third task is to destroy the hated New Order in Europe and to punish its builders.

In the same address, it will be remembered, Stalin drew up the program of the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition:

> Abolition of racial exclusiveness, equality of nations and integrity of their territories, liberation of enslaved nations and restoration of their sovereign rights, the right of every nation to arrange its affairs as it wishes, economic aid of nations that have suffered and assistance to them in attaining their material welfare, restoration of democratic liberties, the destruction of the Hitlerite régime.

Coming eight months after Stalin's speech, the manifesto of the Free Germany Committee stresses once more the extraordinary consistency and tenacity of Soviet foreign policy. There is nothing mysterious or enigmatic about it; the mystery and the enigma are all on the other side. Stalin does not want the Anglo-Saxon powers to control the destiny of post-war Europe. He will have no Amgots north of the Brenner Pass. He is not sacrificing the flower of Russian manhood to see Hitler's Europe replaced by a hostile combination led by such characters as Franco, Mannerheim, Giraud, Badoglio, and Otto von Hapsburg. If there is to be a *cordon sanitaire*, he wants it to face the other way.

The Allies have only themselves to thank for the storm that is now brewing in Eastern Europe. Instead of offering the subjugated nations unconditional freedom under democratic leadership, they are playing Metternich's game of restoration with old men, old ideas, and old frontiers. How can they expect to arouse enthusiasm?

Stalin, shrewd and masterful as ever, is now cashing in on the shortcomings of his allies. His active, assertive policy—characterized by such moves as the Free Germany Committee, his forthcoming alliance with Czechoslovakia, and the formation of the new Polish army under Major General Zigmund Berling—will win him many new friends in a disillusioned Europe. The program set forth by that committee will appeal not only to anti-Nazi, nationalistic Germans who would rather sell their souls to the devil than surrender unconditionally, but to countless other Europeans as well. It is about time the Allies thought up something more attractive for Germany than unconditional surrender plus a Darlan or Badoglio.

There may yet be time to avert a swing in Soviet policy away from the Allies and toward a Bismarckian Germany. But not much time. It was hardly by chance that immediately after the announcement of Litvinov's recall the Soviet Embassy in Washington emphatically posed the question of Russia's role in post-war Europe. This is the gist of the matter. The Soviet Union wants its allies to recognize, here and now, its frontiers of 1941 and to repudiate all plans for a *cordon sanitaire*. If a satisfactory settlement of Russia's demands can be reached quickly, Bismarck's ghost may yet be laid to rest. If not, our only hope of staving off a separate peace between Russia and Germany, followed by an alliance between them, would seem to lie in Heinrich Himmler's ability to keep the German generals from taking Stalin's outstretched hand.

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Financing America's Future

I. BEHIND THE DOLLARS*

BY STUART CHASE

IN 1925, Russia had been through a devastating war and a violent internal revolution. Its currency had been destroyed in a runaway price inflation, it was the world's worst financial risk abroad, and it had very little gold. Yet by the end of the first Five-Year Plan in 1933, Russia had invested some 60 billion rubles in factories, new cities, hydroelectric developments, armaments, houses, schools. There stood the new plant, ugly and solid. Without it Russia could never have met the onslaught of Hitler's armies. *Where did the money come from?*

In 1933 it was freely prophesied that Italy could not invade Ethiopia. It had no credit abroad and almost no gold. The effort would bankrupt it. Italy went ahead, conquered Ethiopia, and emerged without financial collapse. *Where did the money come from?*

Hitler took over a German state which was literally bankrupt. It had defaulted on its foreign obligations. When he proposed to build a powerful army, together with all kinds of grandiose public works, he was laughed at in London and New York. Germany was insolvent, and the whole idea was preposterous. The nations of Europe which have trembled under the thunder of Panzer divisions know that Hitler built even more terribly than he promised. *Where did the money come from?*

When Japan began to rattle its sword in the direction of Indo-China and challenge the United States and the British Empire, wiseacres said it was a bluff. The long years of the war in China had reduced the Japanese economy to a bag of bones. It was bankrupt and could not sustain a real fight. Yet it opened a new attack with devastating fury, and with military equipment—in planes, tanks, artillery, ships—that was as excellent as it was unexpected. *Where did the money come from?*

In 1939, the United States Congress declined to appropriate $4 billion for highways, conservation, hospitals, freight cars, in the bitterly contested "lend-spend" bill. It was widely held that the bill would lead to ruin and national bankruptcy. Yet since the fall of France in 1940, Congress has appropriated almost $300 billions for armaments—75 times as much as the "lend-spend" bill—and a large fraction of it has already gone into tanks and guns. Far from being ruined, our national vitality has never been more evident, and great financial moguls assure us that we shall be able to swing the national debt. *Where did the money come from?*

After the war America will need to maintain full employment, operate its industries at substantial capacity, provide the essentials of life for all its own citizens, and help foreign peoples who are starving and unable to pay for the supplies. There will be a towering political demand for a world delivered from chronic depression. *Where will the money come from?*

It is clear from these examples that what a great nation can "afford" in periods of crisis depends not on its money but on its man-power and its goods. Russia, Italy, Germany, Japan, the United States, all used money in the situations mentioned, but money was obviously not the dominant factor. Man-power and materials were the dominant factor. Yet at other times, when crisis was not so acute, the money for necessary tasks could not be found. Unemployment, insecurity, want dragged on. This is a puzzling paradox. At certain times a nation can afford what at other times, with no less money, it cannot afford. At certain times we are afraid of national bankruptcy, and at other times we give it hardly a thought.

Is there any way to smooth these ups and downs; any way to balance the things we can afford in terms of money with the things we can afford in man-power and materials? The methods used in total war produce results, but they are pretty rough ones, even in non-Axis nations. Can more gentle techniques be devised for peace time which will also produce results?

THE DISASTER ECONOMY

Adolf Berle tells of walking through a tenement district in New York with a friend a few years ago. What they see depresses them. They want to clean it up. But the moment they begin to think of ways to abolish slums, all kinds of difficulties loom across the path—the high cost of land, the difficulty of getting materials, exorbitant rates of interest, graft and corruption in the building trades, the avarice of landlords, the general apathy of everybody. As they walk along, listing the difficulties, any idea of improvement grows more and more remote.

But wouldn't a good, rousing earthquake solve everything? It would not only open up the ground; it would open up people's minds. But then, of course, the death and disruption must be thrown on the scales. The disaster would generate action, bold and immediate. The slums

*Based on a chapter from the author's forthcoming report to the Twentieth Century Fund, to be published in the fall under the title, "Where's the Money Coming From? Problems of Post-War Finance."

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would be abolished once and for all. "Is it too much to ask," queries Mr. Berle, "that the driving quality which can be called forth by a great cataclysm might be made available for continuous and steady action? Is it necessary that some scourge of God, driving by brute fear, shall create a common will?"

We recall the story of the man who was apprehended for going along the street smashing windows. He defended himself by saying it was good for trade. So it was—even if not for the owners of the buildings. If unemployment is rife, smashing windows, plowing under cotton, pouring milk into ditches are all good—for trade. Even better is a raging flood or a devastating hurricane.

For some years the potential output of the power age has tended to exceed the available cash in the hands of consumers. Gradually we have come to live in what might be called a "disaster economy," where waste and loss stimulate trade, where thrift and good quality depress it. Many examples come to mind. Advertising pressure has encouraged us to throw things away and get a new model. The Ohio floods of 1937 brought unemployment, death and destruction, and a flash of prosperity to the valley as relief money came pouring in, and some of those thrown out of work got jobs in rescue and reconstruction work. The New England hurricane of 1938 killed hundreds and robbed thousands of their homes and jobs, but it also created a temporary labor shortage in the building trade, and shot the price of candles up to fifty cents apiece. The original AAA program was designed to boost prices by destroying crops. Long before the Triple A, a statue was erected to the boll weevil, one of the best things for trade that ever hit the cotton belt.

But the best thing of all for trade is war. In the United States alone, the war has already provided an 80-billion-dollar annual market. This terrific demand is running us into a man-power shortage in jig time. There are more orders on the books than there are men to fill them. Women, boys, old men are being hauled in, but it looks now as if only a drastic conscription of labor can ease the shortage. True, many small businesses are falling by the wayside, but full employment and full-blast production are here at last. The only trouble is the costs involved —death on a dozen battlefronts abroad, a 25-per-cent increase in prices, government controls, and Spartan living at home. If we could have the advantages of full employment without these costs, Utopia would be here at last.

THE BLIGHT OF ABUNDANCE

H. G. Wells, in "The Shape of Things to Come," has well summarized the situation in which abundance became a curse and destruction a blessing to trade:

> The war [1914-1918] from the economic point of view had been the convulsive using up of an excess of production that the race had no other method of distributing and consuming. . . . The post-war increase in war production, which went on in spite of endless palavering about disarmament, did not destroy men, nor scrap and destroy material, in sufficient quantity to relieve the situation. . . . The more efficient the output, the fewer the wage-earners. The more stuff there was, the fewer consumers there were. . . . This was the paradox of overproduction which so troubled the writers and journalists of the third decade of the twentieth century.

I don't believe that anybody likes this as a system, whatever temporary personal benefits glass dealers may get out of smashed windows. It violates a deep human instinct. It makes a mockery of the principle of "least work." Costs and sacrifices are prodigious. While the efficiency engineers save a few drops at the spigot, a torrent is rushing out of the bunghole. What is the use of making two blades grow where one grew before when the sacrifices are too great or the whole crop may be burned or abandoned? An economy that relies for its stimulation on waste and disaster is taking the road to oblivion as surely as the dinosaurs, those creatures that were all bulk and no brains.

The so-called people's revolution springs, I believe, from this paradox. The wayfaring man in every country is sick of starving in the midst of plenty. The Germans' toleration of Hitler was due to their blind hope that he could stop it. Even war may seem preferable to rotting on the dole.

In 1931 the League of Nations reported thirty million unemployed in Europe and America. Trade, in fact, was bad. What would be good for it? The most practical window-smashing device was spending for armaments. Spending for welfare projects ran into difficulties, as Mr. Berle noted, because such projects, it was feared, would not "pay out." But nobody expects tanks to pay out in money terms. Therefore the opposition to armament building in Europe was relatively mild. The tanks were built with the labor of the unemployed. The vast rearmament program of Europe in the late 1930's did in fact end the depression, but it filled Europe with guns pointing over every frontier.

WHEN PRODUCTION OUTRUNS CONSUMPTION

One can begin to discover a rough cycle in the performance of the modern economy, where mass production outruns mass consumption. Machines grind and produce a mountain of goods. The goods pile up and presently choke the machines. The machines go on half time or stop altogether. The plethora of goods must be dynamited out of the way so that the machines can start again, and their human tenders can work again. Only total war has so far provided the requisite amount of dynamite. But total war demands bigger and better machines and a huge increase in capacity in those industries that can make munitions and matériel, while the destruc-

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tion of capital goes on apace, and many civilian industries cannot keep up their repairs and replacements. Only another war can relieve the pressure. . . . And so on from catastrophe to catastrophe.

Winston Churchill, in his book, "The World Crisis," vividly illustrates our point. He is speaking of the last Armistice Day, November 11, 1918:

> A requisition for half a million houses would not have seemed more difficult to comply with than those we were already in process of executing for 100,000 aeroplanes, or 20,000 guns, or 2,000,000 tons of projectiles. But a new set of conditions began to rule from eleven o'clock onward. The money cost, which had never been considered by us to be a factor capable of limiting the supply of the armies, asserted a claim to priority from the moment the fighting stopped.

Instantly the problem of productive capacity and manpower in excess of demand began to make itself felt. The "money cost" became a brake on the whole economic machine. A world "fit for heroes to live in" presently degenerated into a world of unemployment, doles, and despair, the terrible world of J. B. Priestley's "English Journey."

I have in my files pictures of veritable mountains of oranges, potatoes, coffee, marked for destruction. Nearly every farm crop has been plagued by surpluses since the last war. The great extension of wheat capacity from 1915 to 1919 produced not only ruinous post-war prices but the dust bowl, where nature took a hand in helping trade by disaster. In the case of factories, the problem of surplus is present in the form of excess capacity, but mountains of unsold goods cannot often be photographed. A factory can close down faster than a growing crop.

If this is the sequence—I admit that it is a very rough description—what is the way to stop it? One obvious way would be to channel off the goods so promptly that they could not pile up to choke the machines. Indeed, short of war and disaster, is there any other way to make trade good? In simplest terms, this is the post-war economic problem. The channels for moving the goods are primarily financial, and the dams across the channels are financial—the "money costs," as Winston Churchill called them. They deserve the most cold and objective analysis, if we are to avoid the fate of the dinosaurs. What we need is the knowledge and the courage to organize our economy for full employment at a lower social cost. We shall never have full employment without effort, but we can surely have it without war and disaster and their toll of destruction, loss of freedom, and human lives.

[This is the first of a series of three articles on America's post-war economy. In his next article Mr. Chase will picture the economic situation that will confront this country on Demobilization Day.]

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

IT WOULD have been gratifying to hear that the Grand Army of the Republic had taken a firm and patriotic stand upon the abuse of pensions, but its recent meeting showed that the claim-agent element is as potent as ever.—*September 14, 1893.*

MR. KIPLING'S latest volume, "Many Inventions," sustains his reputation as an excellent story-teller. . . . He goes out of his way to say nasty things which are not true about women, the most appreciative part of his public, about members of his own craft who have mostly given him unstinted praise, and in fact about all the world, except the British subaltern, in whose person he discovers the one man in ten thousand. . . . This lack of judgment or of self-control renders Mr. Kipling ineffective and unconvincing as a serious critic of life.—*September 14, 1893.*

A PROPOSITION well worth considering is that introduced in the House last week providing for the annexation of the Territory of Utah to the state of Nevada. The present condition of Nevada is a reproach to our system of government. . . . Its population has been dwindling for years, and had sunk as low as 45,761 souls in 1890. Utah, on the other hand, is growing steadily and rapidly. . . . The time is rapidly approaching when Utah must cease to be a Territory, and there could be no better way of its gaining the advantages of statehood than through a union with Nevada.—*September 21, 1893.*

VIRGINIA and half of the states in the Union combined show no more cities of over 20,000 inhabitants than are to be found in Massachusetts. . . . There is no place at all with so many inhabitants as 20,000 in nine states. . . . Nine states again have each no more than one town numbering over 20,000 people.—*September 21, 1893.*

THERE IS something very startling in the increase of that form of lawlessness known as lynching in the South. It has three distinguishing features: (1) the victims are always Negroes; (2) the murderers are never punished; (3) simple murder often fails to satisfy the lynching parties, and they resort to torture and such forms of mutilation as would be expected only of our most savage Indians.—*September 21, 1893.*

THE PASSAGE of the Irish Home Rule Bill in the British House of Commons and its defeat in the Lords leave English politics and society in an extremely interesting condition for the foreign observer. None of their phenomena is queerer than the hatred of Gladstone among the upper and upper middle classes. . . . Frantic desire for his death is openly uttered. That "G. O. M." ["Grand Old Man"] stands for "God's Only Mistake" is one of the grim jokes of the Conservative clubs, and old ladies will avow their willingness to walk miles with peas in their shoes to see him hanged.—*September 28, 1893.*

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The Red Army's Offensive

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

SHOULD the Quebec conference have the effect of transferring major American interest to the Pacific, the Allies will have missed their chance for an early defeat of Hitler. Now that we are fully embarked on a "Beat Germany first" policy, we cannot afford to take halfway measures at such a crucial period. After holding down the eastern front for two years at terrific cost, our Russian allies deserve better things of us.

In the early fighting of this summer the Germans did exactly what the Russians and most neutral experts expected. An attack on the central front, made by some thirty divisions, found the defenders well prepared, and the attack stalled in ten days. Its significant features were: the use of only a small proportion of the estimated 220 divisions on the eastern front; the lack of the surprise element or of any originality in its launching; the restriction of the attack to a 160-mile sector, in contrast to the 480-mile sector chosen for the summer campaign of 1942 and the entire 1800-mile line of a year earlier; and the Nazis' utter inability to make important gains.

Most significant was the instant Russian reaction. The launching of a strong attack on the day following Germany's abandonment of its own offensive could only mean that the Nazis had been repelled with such ease that large numbers of available Russian reserves had not been needed. If the prevention of a Russian offensive was one of the objectives of the German campaign, it didn't work. Instant gains of more than twenty miles in certain sectors about Orel do not indicate that the Russian capacity to launch a counter-attack was crippled in the slightest degree.

Of even greater importance was the fact that the fighting indicated the relative strength of the combatants. The Russians' winter victories of the first year of battle were due in part to weather conditions. The Stalingrad debacle and later German defeats were attributable very largely to what Churchill called "the military intuition of Corporal Hitler." But this summer the Germans had none of these excuses for losing. They were beaten in a sector in which they had deliberately chosen to concentrate their strength. The Russian victories at Orel, Belgorod, and Kharkov were their first clear-cut victories that cannot possibly be ascribed to special circumstances.

What has brought about such a change?

The Allied air campaign has certainly hastened the deterioration of German armed strength, especially in weapons. The Luftwaffe, in Russia as everywhere else, has been spread too thin. If neutral reports are at all reliable, the recruiting campaigns in satellite countries have failed to bring in real reinforcements, and the problem of adequate reserves is becoming increasingly serious. Furthermore, the tactical superiority of the Germans, which permitted victories even against superior numbers in the early days of the war, has now disappeared. Though they excel in the defensive art of using mines to delay pursuit, their attack pattern is but little better than in 1941. And the answers to the Blitzkrieg have long since been found.

It would be highly inaccurate to attribute the failure of the Germans entirely to their ebbing strength. Russian resistance has improved as well. The Soviets now have a marked superiority in aviation and artillery, and probably in many other elements. And tighter discipline, better leadership, and much improved tactics are enabling them to get more out of the material at hand. The Red Army "found itself" as an offensive force only as recently as November, 1942, but in the succeeding ten months improvement has been continuous. In the all-important factor of morale, the advantage also clearly rests with them.

In the war of attrition now going on in Russia, the extent of territory occupied is not a completely accurate measure of progress. Yet the Russians' gains have been important. Orel, Belgorod, Kharkov, and other bases which the Germans regarded as most important for an attack on Moscow, are all in Russian hands. Other strong points, such as Stalino, Bryansk, and Smolensk are heavily threatened, and, barring a bogging down caused by the heavy rains expected early in the fall, may well be captured in a matter of weeks, if not days. Large economic resources have not yet changed hands as a result of this offensive, but the important Donets basin is threatened with recapture following Russian gains farther north. A retirement to the Dnieper line, which the Germans were barely able to avoid last winter, is, therefore, entirely likely.

Since Soviet strategy has been concerned mainly with the destruction of enemy troops, only secondarily with territorial gains, progress can be measured more accurately in terms of casualties than in terms of miles. Here official figures are worthless. Had the Germans, for example, suffered the million casualties which the Soviets claim, they would have lost far more than the thirty divisions they originally used in the attack. Nevertheless, losses for both sides have clearly been heavy. By flanking operations to cut the communication lines of the main German centers, the Russians have managed to avoid

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some of the casualties attendant upon the type of frontal attack the Germans employed at Stalingrad. These more economical tactics, added to the fact that Nazi retreat has in places been hurried, probably mean that of the two sides the Germans have sustained the heavier losses. And they are the less able to replace them.

However, enemy reverses on the Russian front alone are not sufficient to bring victory to the United Nations in the near future. Nothing resembling a large-scale break-through has yet occurred. The German retreats have been orderly and accompanied by so much mine-planting that close pursuit has been almost impossible. The earth has been thoroughly scorched. And above all, the Germans are still so far within the borders of Russia that they can still retreat for some time without imperiling their own homeland. Furthermore, it will take considerable time for Russian transport facilities to catch up with a lengthy German retreat so that new attacks can be launched. Though the Red Army is today better than the *Wehrmacht,* its margin of superiority is not great enough to insure victory.

It is possible, of course, that the biggest military moves of 1943 have yet to be made. Neither side in Russia has employed more than a fraction of its strength this summer. In the case of Germany this hesitation to use up limited reserves is quite understandable. But the Russians' reasons are not quite so clear. The armies which administered major defeats to the Germans six months ago are largely intact and have been used very little in the present campaign. A further, and doubtless much stronger, series of Red Army offensives is therefore certain.

Russia's demand for an attack on the really important areas of continental Europe is quite understandable. The building of a large-scale American army started fully three years ago. For half that time we have maintained troops in Britain. Yet not more than half a dozen American divisions were engaged in either the Tunisian or the Sicilian campaign, despite the fact that our High Command has deliberately chosen to make Europe the site of its greatest efforts. This is a miserable showing for a nation of our power and resources, and the British record is no better. For the past two years the Russians have done at least 90 per cent of the land fighting of the United Nations.

Let us hope that the Quebec conference, in addition to considering ways and means of defeating Japan, has recast our European strategy in the direction of greater boldness. The policy of making cautious attacks around the periphery of Hitler's European conquests was wise at an earlier period of the war, but if continued today, when our growing military might makes more direct blows feasible, it will result simply in continued bad relations with our main ally, Russia, an unnecessary prolongation of the war, and disagreement at the peace table.

In the Wind

COMIC STRIPS are distributed to newspapers a month in advance of publication. The syndicate that handles "Little Orphan Annie" has instructed editors to destroy three weeks' instalments and await new strips to replace them. This expensive move was made without explanation, but editors believe it was caused by complaints from readers about the cartoon's constant sniping at everything the government does, especially at rationing and price control.

FRANK McALLISTER, secretary of the Southern Workers Defense League, reports after a trip to Arkansas that planters in that state are promising their share-croppers draft deferment if they sign contracts agreeing to stay where they are for at least five years. The planters get draft-deferment blanks in quantity from Selective Service Boards for this purpose. Share-croppers who refuse to sign contracts are evicted.

EXPERIMENT: The *Tar Heel,* student newspaper of the University of North Carolina, announces that President Frank Graham's secretary has taken a year's leave of absence to teach English at the University of Hawaii. It observes in passing that "the university [of Hawaii] is open to any person regardless of race, creed, or color, which is in itself an interesting experiment in democracy."

HITLER'S first victim was the German language. Houghton Mifflin has scheduled for publication this month a new translation of "Mein Kampf," which is said to be faithful to the great man's unique grammar.

DISTILLERS whose plants are now producing alcohol for war purposes may soon be given a brief "liquor-making holiday," says *Tide,* in order to replenish dwindling stocks.

LIFE is preparing an article on Ely Culbertson's World Federation Plan.

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S liberal commentaries for the British Broadcasting Company's Home Front program are so popular, says a columnist in the *New Statesman and Nation,* that Noel Coward has been set up as a counter-attraction. Coward ended his first program with a song that "made bitter fun of all anti-Nazi ideas."

FESTUNG EUROPA: Czech Quislings are receiving packages containing pieces of rope and the message, "This is a sample of the rope with which you will soon be hanged." . . . A Nazi newspaper in Belgium complains, "Everything wrong is the fault of the Germans. Never have the ties between the synagogue, the Masonic lodge, the Catholic church, and the GPU been as strong as now."

[The $5 prize for the best item received in August goes to Victor Riesel for his information about the forthcoming campaign of the Christian American Association for "Right-to-Work" amendments, published August 28.]

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Fascism in the Balkans

BY BOGDAN RADITSA

THE downfall of fascism in Italy has provoked repercussions throughout the Balkans—and particularly in Croatia. The abandonment of the Croatian throne by the Duke of Spoleto, the Savoy usurper, is the latest indication that the entire system of Italian domination has collapsed. The Germans have taken over the so-called "independent state" and transformed it into a republic.

In the early part of 1940, the establishment of the puppet state of Croatia was arranged between Mussolini and the Yugoslav fascist Ante Pavelich, in the presence of Count Ciano, while at the same time Mussolini was giving the Yugoslav government convincing assurance that its territorial integrity and neutrality would be respected. (Pavelich and his henchmen had been guests of the Fascist government in Italy since 1929.) On April 10, 1941, following the military collapse of Yugoslavia, the Ustasha leader Kvaternik proclaimed Croatia independent; and on April 13, Pavelich, announcing himself as *Poglavnik,* or Führer, appeared in Zagreb. On April 15, both Italy and Germany recognized the Independent State of Croatia, although its frontiers had not yet been established. On April 17, Pavelich dissolved all political parties and organized a government with every characteristic of an Italian vassal.

Other satellites immediately recognized their new colleague. Among the neutral states, the *Caudillo's* Spain hailed the new government as "Ustashi-Catholic-Moslem," and the Vatican, although it reserved its official blessing, received the Duke of Spoleto, Pavelich, and Ustashi delegates in private audience. Pavelich and Mussolini signed an agreement obliging Italy to guarantee the "independence" and integrity of the new kingdom for the next twenty-five years. Germany was to reap the economic fruits of the country, and it made sure of political influence by garrisoning the large cities and establishing Gestapo control over civilian life. A permanent economic mission under the leadership of Count Volpi di Misurata, an elderly Italian financial expert, was established for the exploitation of Croat products. With the definition of its frontiers, Croatia lost most of its important territories, including its entire Adriatic coastline, and it was obliged to pay the Italian government 125,000,000 liras a month for the expenses of occupation. Croatia had become part of the "New European Order."

The Ustasha movement is Fascist-Catholic in complexion, and was created and developed on Italian territory for the express purpose of dismembering Yugoslavia. Its doctrine is linked with the thesis that the Croatians are of Gothic origin and therefore unrelated to other southern Slavs. Its political philosophy is based upon that of Josua Frank, which has always served as an instrument of Austro-Germanism and which was inspired by hatred of the Serbs. By restoring the Croat crown and *Sabor* (parliament) of the Middle Ages Pavelich perverted the traditions of Croatia for his own totalitarian purposes. He himself admitted that the Ustasha organization was "profaned by the worst elements." "Do not be surprised," he said, "if sometimes the most horrible crimes are committed on behalf of the Ustasha movement." He referred to the massacres committed by his Ustashi on the innocent Serb and Jewish populations and on the Croatians who remained faithful to the ideal of a united Yugoslavia and to the democratic Peasant Party established some thirty years ago by Stefan Radich. Reports from Croatia estimate that about 300,000 Serbs were sacrificed by Ustashi leaders to deepen the abyss between Serbs and Croats.

Following Franco's example of giving his "empire" a combined Catholic-Moslem character, Pavelich drew from fanatical Moslem peasants his best recruits for Ustashi terrorist bands, for the Croatian legion sent to Russia, and for the Croatian SS divisions organized to fight the partisan forces. To satisfy the Moslems, Pavelich even thought of transferring the capital of Croatia to Banja-Luka in Bosnia, the center of the Moslem population. Instead, he transformed the seat of the Academy of Arts in Zagreb into a mosque.

At the beginning of the German attack on Russia, Germany requested that Croatian units be sent to the eastern front. The Croatians consistently refused to go, although their only alternative was to be sent to Bosnia to fight the partisans. An extensive report on the recruitment of Croatians for the eastern front was given by the Moscow newspaper *Pravda* in October, 1942. This report stated: "Having received Hitler's orders to create a division for fighting on the eastern front, the arch-bandit Pavelich set to work. In Zagreb, huge posters were set up at all street corners giving information regarding the enlistment of volunteers for the legion. Glorious promises were made and attractive inducements offered every volunteer. 'Your family will receive 3,000 *kunas* a month (200 German marks), the best of food,

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superior living quarters, ten hectares of land, horses and equipment. Convicts or those on trial will also be accepted and will receive a full pardon,' proclaimed these placards."

Pavelich recruited "volunteers" by sending Ustashi all over the country. Fifty people were taken one night in Sanski Most alone. They were told to sign up as volunteers. When they refused, most of them were shot. A Croatian who did go to the front—a Private Blaskovich—received a letter from his wife which we quote as it was published in Russia: "I am starving. Prices are fantastic and still rising. Meat, sugar, flour, salt, fruit, grapes—all have been taken to Germany. They have taken the cows and pigs. We receive only fifteen kilograms of flour per month for six people. What am I to eat? I don't know. I pray to God for all of us." And a Colonel Markulj wrote: "We have been deceived. The Germans treat us like swine. Our families have been robbed and are starving." Early this spring Pavelich had to withdraw his troops from Russia in order to use them on the home front.

Popular resistance started with a boycott of towns and cities by the peasantry, with local revolts in the cities, with sabotage and destruction of bridges and railroad lines, and with attacks upon Italian and German soldiers. Separate guerrilla units scattered over the country became united in the course of time into the Army of National Liberation. Entire regions such as Bosnia, Herzegovina, Lika, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, and the Croat Littoral were taken by guerrilla forces and held for various lengths of time. In some instances, the guerrillas introduced their own administration and exercised control over transportation. "We are going through very serious days," admitted the puppet Minister of the Interior. "In Croatia, partisans are burning villages as well as factories. Underground activity is growing among the people. In the army all has not been well, and steps have had to be taken."

According to both Serb and Croat reports, 80 per cent of the Croatian masses have remained faithful to the Allied cause and to Machek, the great popular leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, while only 10 per cent of the people have become followers of Pavelich. When Pavelich appointed his parliament, forty-four of those chosen refused to participate. A member by the name of Ljubicich made this statement on behalf of his colleagues: "Only terror forced us to come here, and we came because we feared for our lives. We protest against the present situation in the country, against the arrest of Machek, and against the choice of the Duke of Spoleto as King of Croatia." "It is clear," the Ustasha chief Scholz stated over the radio, "that this is not a civil war in Croatia, but a part of the world war. That fact entitles us to expect help from our allies."

The Italian experiment in Croatia resulted in a complete breakdown of the Ustashi and the forces of occupation. "Croatia is an ulcer in Italy's side, like the former Yugoslav minority in Italy," concluded the Swedish paper *Arbetaren*. "Italian losses in the partisan war are immense, though the Gestapo and the Ustashi both took part in the hopeless task of pacification."

A confidential report from Croatia described the "complete disintegration" of the Ustasha régime. "The Ustashi have no authority. They maintain themselves by Gestapo methods, and with the aid of German and Italian armies, whose numbers are increasing daily in both Zagreb and the country districts. The valley of the Drave River, hitherto the most passive district in Croatia, is now aflame with revolt—to such an extent that from Virovititsa to Krizhevtai (an area equal to an American county) there are only two gendarmerie stations still standing."

German domination finally supplanted Italian. Mile Budak, rival of Pavelich and a reliable German tool, returned from Berlin to become Foreign Minister of the reorganized government. In the spring of 1943 the Ustasha militia was put under German command, and the movement was officially disbanded. The Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* reported that reorganization of the government was necessary "in order to eliminate the danger of dualism and mutual competition among ruling factions." The Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* stated on May 12 that all Ustashi officials had been dismissed by Pavelich, and added that this was not sensational since "there are many men among the Ustashi who bear the uniform, name, and honor of the movement but do not contribute actively to it. It is the wish of the *Poglavnik*, for the sake of the future, that there be fewer officials and more workers."

The peasant philosophy of the Croatian people seeks the rebirth of a Yugoslav commonwealth based upon democratic federalism. Constant reports from Croatia record demands of the people for a clear and precise statement of a federal democracy that will guarantee full political and social equality to Croatians, Serbs, and Slovenes in the post-war world. Meanwhile, the people are fighting. They are ready to open the gateway of the Balkans to the Allied armies of liberation when the signal is given.

There is a famous old Croatian. His name is Vladimir Nazor, and he is the best-loved poet of Yugoslavia—the translator of Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Victor Hugo. Pavelich offered him membership in the Academy and Nazor refused. Then one day he disappeared from Zagreb. Some time later, these words echoed from the mountains of Dalmatia: "Let the people of Dalmatia and of the coastal islands rise up as one man. Let us help Slavism. Let us sing the glory of Croatia. Let us maintain our honor and our countenance, and when we are crowned with victory we shall look with pride at our past

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suffering and torments. Be neither slaves nor heroes, but merely men." The prophetic voice of Nazor resounds through the devastated lands of Dalmatia and Croatia, where the rebellious spirit of the people has never bowed to the Italian or German invader.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

AIR TERROR is our greatest worry," wrote Dr. Otto Kriegk, one of the most official of official Nazi columnists, in the Berlin *Nachtausgabe* on August 14. "If we endure the air war, we have won. Destiny requires this test of us." And Goebbels said in a speech August 17, "Aerial warfare is at present our greatest problem."

The seriousness of the problem is clearly shown by stories that appear in German newspapers. Consider, for example, the garbage situation in Essen. It shows that some effects of air raids are not relieved by time, but rather grow worse. On August 4, many weeks after the latest bombing of Essen, the *National-Zeitung* expressed grave alarm over the fact that garbage collection in the city had practically ceased. The administration of Essen's public services seems to have broken down completely. For a while trucks and teams from other cities helped out, but they were later recalled. As a result, householders now throw their "perishable refuse into the ruins of houses or into the streets," and piles of garbage are rising all over the city, "which during the present hot days cause an extremely bad odor and also bring about an increase in rats, mice, and fleas—a menace to public health which cannot be underrated."

The psychological effects of air raids were shown on July 31 by the Hamburg *Zeitung*—an emergency newspaper published jointly by the three large Hamburg papers, all of whose plants have been wrecked. The usual attitudes toward the war, according to its editorials, no longer exist in Hamburg. "Our feelings are now strongly subjective. No one could have imagined such catastrophe. . . . The fact that our nerves were not strong enough during these attacks is understandable. The measure of what human nature can endure was often exceeded." Only hatred and recriminations remain. "There is silly gossip about the *Reichsmarschall* [Göring]. Such rumors must be opposed by military measures," said the *National-Zeitung* of Bochum on August 11. And a Swedish correspondent who left Hamburg on August 13 wrote in the *Svenska Morgonpost:* "The bitterness of the people is turned against the Nazi government, which is held responsible for the unspeakable misery they are suffering. The general feeling is that Hitler started the war but the British have taken it over."

Can it be fear of spreading this state of mind that has caused the authorities to throw the evacuation of the city into reverse? Whatever the reason, in all parts of Germany efforts are being made to get the Hamburg refugees back home as soon as possible. On August 11 all north German newspapers published a notice which began as follows: "Hamburgers who have left home, do not forget that every able-bodied person is needed for the reconstruction of Hamburg. Return immediately! Register at your places of employment! Your return serves not only your community but also your own interests." But those who return voluntarily are so few that compulsion is also resorted to. The organized evacuation is being followed by organized "re-evacuation"—a new word, though an inept one, and a new field for the German genius for organization.

At the beginning of August, as has already been mentioned here, ration books for textile products were annulled throughout Germany. The decree ordered that household linen and clothing of all kinds could be bought only by air-raid victims, not by the general public. On August 14 a new and more far-reaching decree ordered all textile factories to close for six weeks. The decree covers all clothing and household linen. No explanation was given. It would be hard to find another shortage of raw materials so severe.

In this connection the destruction of factories in air raids is mentioned for the first time. Though armament factories, according to official accounts, are never bombed, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* on August 8 spoke for the first time of the destruction of factories producing consumers' goods, "resulting in further restrictions of the standard of living. This direct effect of the war on civilian supplies is something entirely new in the history of our people. It is added to the indirect effects of maximum production of armaments at the expense of civilian production."

Fertilizer is incomparably more important for the intensive agriculture of Germany than for the relatively extensive agriculture of America. By far the most important of the German fertilizers are the nitrogenous ones; next in importance are the phosphates. At the end of July the *Reichsstelle Chemie* informed farmers that next year they will receive only 60 per cent as much nitrogenous fertilizer as this year—and the supply this year was only 85 per cent of what it was before the war. This means that in the coming year Germany's soil will get only 51 per cent of its normal supply of nitrogenous fertilizers. As for the phosphates, continued the announcement, the farmers had better not count on getting any, as the chief source was lost with Algeria and Tunisia. That being the case, the outlook for Germany's harvest in 1944 is darker than it has been in any previous year.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Real Spain

THE SPANISH LABYRINTH. By Gerald Brenan. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

MR. BRENAN'S long-awaited book is all that one had hoped it would be. It is an absolutely essential work, not only for the general reader but for the specialist in Spanish political history. There is, for example, no comparable account of Spanish anarchism and anarcho-syndicalism in English. The author's two chapters on this subject, as judicious and sympathetic a condensation as could be made, should set right some of the most important misconceptions about the Spanish civil war. But this is not the only excellence. The author's brief but illuminating review of the agrarian problem will serve to remind doctrinaires of all schools that this problem, the basis of all others in Spain, can receive no uniform solution. For the rest, the book finds its way through the incredibly complex conflicts of Spanish history from the Restoration of 1874 to 1936 with a quite remarkable sure-footedness and objectivity.

Mr. Brenan confines his treatment of the civil war and of the immediately preceding crisis to the last two chapters of his book. Some of the statements he makes demand rebuttal. Negrín did not issue the Thirteen Points "with a view to creating a movement favorable to reconciliation." Toward the end of 1938 Russia certainly decreased her aid to Spain but did not entirely withdraw it, as Mr. Brenan says.

Inadequate as Mr. Brenan admits they are, however, these two chapters throw much light upon the true nature of the tragic dilemma of Spain during the war. Even before the February, 1936, government announced it would attempt to solve the land problem, the Catholic Ceda Party, Austro-fascist in intention but almost German in its insolent temper, had determined to abolish parliament. After the February elections, however, the reactionaries began to plan their revolt in earnest.

Mr. Brenan is wrong, I think, in supposing that the Prieto policy of moderation, as opposed to Caballero's militancy, would have placated the Ceda. His mistake shows his inability to reach a clear understanding of the Spanish war-time dilemma. The leaders of the right wanted a counter-revolutionary insurrection which, they knew, would destroy the state apparatus and so make unavoidable a revolutionary defense of the Republic. The tragedy of Spain was that her people were thus forced to make a revolution in a counter-revolutionary world. The hostile set of the world then necessitated a sharp rightward swing if the Republic was to have any chance of surviving the Axis assault which soon developed. And that in turn produced a colossal political and psychological problem.

Mr. Brenan, who understands that the revolutionary answer to Franco was the only one immediately possible, is also aware that a rightward swing was inescapable. He knows why the Spanish Communist Party came to be the major check to the revolution. "A revolution would have alienated the democracies whom Stalin was courting at the time," he writes on page 307. But he knows also that it was not only the Russian necessity which was the cause of that turn to the right. In criticizing Caballero's leadership of the Socialist Party during the early months of 1936, he writes: "He therefore lacked a wide political view; otherwise he would have seen that the disposition of forces in Europe—to consider nothing else—would never tolerate the dictatorship of the working classes in Spain." And the author agrees that Stalin's famous September, 1936, letter to Caballero, urging a rightward move, contained sound advice.

But while the author sees that the revolutionary answer was inevitable, he shows little grasp of the profound spiritual tragedy that the necessary rightward swing involved. The accomplishments, the facts of the July-August days generated a vast tide of revolutionary exaltation in the workers, so that they necessarily felt themselves betrayed by the rightward swerve. It was that sense of betrayal, of despair, grief, and impotent rage which caused the misguided rising in anarcho-syndicalist Barcelona in May, 1937. And it was the foreseen defeat of that rising which facilitated the long-dreamed-of political maneuver which forced the left Socialists and the vast C. N. T. [the anarcho-syndicalist trade unions of Catalonia] out of the government. The right-wing swerve was absolutely necessary, but it was burdened with the tragic consequence that the bulk of the real working class of Catalonia thereafter never pulled its weight. The Communist Party, the old-time core of which, alone among those supporting Negrín, had the organizational skill, the discipline, the courage, and the unbreakable will to resist Franco, inevitably became the party of the propertied peasants, the shopkeepers, the small industrialists, the white-collar workers, and the petty bourgeoisie in general, ranged in Catalonia against the revolutionary masses of the working class.

It is not a fact to be set down with bitterness against anyone, nor does it of itself constitute valid criticism of the Communists. Yet there is no understanding of the Spanish tragedy if this truth is ignored. From it all the embitterments and all the sordid factional fights were born.

While he was yet in Madrid it seemed to this reviewer that the right-wing turn had started a strange race against time. The splendid creation of the Communists, the regular army, for a while offset the dissension and the loss of spirit which were slowly canceling out the new military efficiency. The question was always whether the European peoples would awaken to what was happening before Spain was either overwhelmed or fell apart. They did not awaken. Then, when the bourgeois Republicans and the right-wing Socialists (the only allies of the Communists) became utterly defeatist, the Communists were *in reality* left face to face with Franco. When the traitor Casado rose to surrender Spain into fascist hands, the Communist Party was thus the only force left to obey the Negrín directives. The regiments it controlled were called upon to overthrow Casado, but only the hard core of their forces held and these were shattered

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by the furious attack of the C. N. T. division of Cipriano Mera. The logic of world reaction had worked itself out.

Much of this process is visible in Mr. Brenan's account. In a forthcoming second volume, one hopes, he will serve us as well as he has in this, for what I have said in criticism should not be held against an altogether exceptional book, for which I have the warmest admiration.

RALPH BATES

A Mature Poet

NO BOUNDARY. By Lenore G. Marshall. Henry Holt and Company. $1.75.

LENORE MARSHALL'S two novels revealed a poet's sensibility, but the present book is the first collection of her verse. It bears none of the earmarks of a first volume of poems. She has waited to publish them in book form, with a wisdom that is everywhere apparent in her work, until she was assured that she had attained her full stature as a poet. What she offers us, then, is the result of mature feeling, long meditation, and patient craftsmanship. Most of the early lyrics printed here are worthy to stand beside the more recent inclusions, although one perceives a sure growth.

Naturally, not all the pieces are on the same high level. Alive to the ugly realities of our time, the poet is not always equal to dealing with them. What one might call the "social" poetry tends to overstatement or sentimentality, and sometimes to a prosiness that defeats its own purpose. There are a few facile pieces on themes that other lyricists have handled with a more masculine austerity and power. But even the slighter things show a true lyric gift; even the few awkward passages display a responsiveness to our contemporary predicament.

The book as a whole is distinguished by a nice perceptiveness. It shows, as one might expect, an appreciation of the many small beauties of living: the cricket's "chirp of light lament," the "mannered courtliness" of patrician horses galloping beside the sea, the rag wagon like a flower cart in the city, the "mobile porcelain waters" of a lake, the changing light and the altering seasons, the exciting variety of creatures and landscapes and interiors that enrich "this contemptible sweet planet." But beyond these, the book exhibits a rare sensitiveness to the more subtle motions of the mind. Not for nothing does the word "frail" recur on the pages, sometimes companioned by another adjective that seems to deny its validity, as where the poet records a "frail, eternal" beetle seen crawling in the sand of prehistoric caves, or the "frail giant towers" of the metropolis. She is steadily conscious of the confusions that surround and ambush us, and more especially of the paradoxes implicit in human relationships. These are explored with a courage that makes for penetrating insights. She understands the fluent nature of experience and yet is keenly sensible of those values that persist beyond our capacity to fix them. This double awareness is particularly clear in the title poem, which, like several other fine things, places Mrs. Marshall as a descendant of the metaphysicals. There is more tenderness than intensity in her poetry, but her best work has the searching, luminous quality that one associates with this school.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Our "Forgotten Men"

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN. By Carey McWilliams. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

WE AMERICANS have shouldered the white man's burden all too lightly; in fact it is doubtful whether we have been shouldering it at all, or merely dragging it at our heels, and wondering what is kicking up all the dust about our ankles. Long after our elder brothers in imperialism had begun to see their duty to the "native" as something more than providing razors for hairless chins, we were still unaware of the plight to which white domination and Western industrialism had reduced the various dark races who live under our flag. The early months of the war in the Pacific brought us to a tardy realization of our imperial responsibilities, and of our dependence on forgotten "native" populations. But how many of us are aware of the plight of the colored peoples, apart from the Negro, who live in the continental United States? To most Americans the race problem means only the Negro problem, and few even know that the term "colored people" applies to any races other than the Negro.

Mr. McWilliams's book presents a study of eight colored minorities in this country, eight isolated islands of underprivileged people, economically exploited, socially restricted, culturally maladjusted. They are: Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Filipinos, Hawaiians, and of course Negroes—all within the continental United States. All but the Indians have been brought here by special interests that needed a coolie class, and once here they have never been permitted to become an integral part of our culture, or to share in the material benefits of an expanding economy or in the "inalienable rights" with which the Creator has supposedly endowed all men. Their health, their social and economic status, and their educational opportunities are far below the average which this country has to offer, poor as that average is in comparison with what it might be.

The unique contribution of this volume is Mr. McWilliams's study of the six immigrant groups: the Chinese and Japanese from the Orient, Puerto Ricans and Mexicans from Latin America, and the Filipinos and Hawaiians from the Pacific. These groups are the literally forgotten men of our democracy. They are the victims, not only of deliberate exploitation and organized prejudice in the communities where they are concentrated, but also of the indifference and ignorance of the overwhelming majority, who are hardly aware of their existence. How many Americans, for instance, know that Filipinos cannot become American citizens? How many know that there are about three and a half million Mexicans in the United States, some of them entirely Spanish-speaking even in the second and third generation, with only the most tenuous links with the American culture in the midst of which they are marooned? How many of us outside of the Pacific states have ever really cared about excluding the Chinese? These people are marooned or excluded, not by the will of the majority, but by its apathy. Mr. McWilliams shows, for instance, that most of the anti-Chinese measures were passed by Congress on the eve of national elections, when both parties were angling for the California

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vote, and neither had anything to lose in the other states by supporting them. The rest of us were willing to let California have her way with what was tacitly assumed to be her own problem.

It is of course a shock to be reminded that this has been regarded for half a century as California's problem. Today the significance of these six immigrant minorities, and of their treatment at our hands, is international. In America they are forgotten men, but in Mexico and China and Hawaii and the Philippines they are remembered. And we are remembered there for our discrimination against them, and for the underlying master-race consciousness which it bespeaks. What a weapon to put into the hands of the Axis agents in these countries! And, as Mr. McWilliams points out, what a weapon we thus placed in the hands of the militarist party in Japan decades ago! We have reaped the whirlwind without even knowing that we had sown the wind.

Mr. McWilliams has assembled an enormous body of data from reliable studies which have been made of these people, and of course he brings to it his own first-hand knowledge of many of them. His material on the Negro is largely historical, tracing the change in public opinion on this question from the Civil War to the present time, when the contribution of anthropologists and sociologists has ripened and should serve as the basis of an affirmative policy of racial understanding and cultural adjustment. It is somewhat confusing, however, to find the bulk of the study devoted to the non-Negro colored peoples, while the program for action is presented almost exclusively in the light of the Negro problem. To be sure, Mr. McWilliams has established his thesis that the race problem must be attacked as a whole, and that any piecemeal solution in terms of individual groups is doomed to failure. But he ought to have indicated more explicitly and more frequently whither he is leading the reader. One wishes, too, that he had straightened the twists in the path and smoothed out the bumps in his prose. Yet these shortcomings will blind nobody to the fact that he is taking us over territory of primary strategic importance.

BETSY HUTCHISON

TOMORROW

Special 2nd Anniversary Issue of "The Magazine of the Future"

WHY INTELLECTUALS ARE TREASONABLE
A scathing criticism of the real preachers of hate.
FRANZ SCHOENBERNER

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM
A penetrating analysis of America's responsibilities toward the peace.
WILLIAM AGAR

PROBLEMS FOR FRENCHMEN
A great French philosopher looks constructively at the future of France.
JACQUES MARITAIN

THOMAS MANN - GERALD HEARD
and other important writers.
Book Reviews by PEARL BUCK, KATHLEEN COYLE, and others. KATHERINE WOODS, editor and contributor.

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The Losers

THEY ALSO RAN: THE STORY OF THE MEN WHO WERE DEFEATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY. By Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

SINCE 1824, nineteen men in the United States have had one thing in common. They ran for the Presidency on the tickets of the main political parties and were defeated. What kind of President would each have made? What were their backgrounds, their characteristics, their beliefs? What kind of men were they? Would the country have fared better had they been elected instead of their opponents?

Irving Stone in his usual colorful and zestful style, backed by competent scholarship, has attempted to answer these questions. Using the biographical method, Mr. Stone sketches the life story of each of these men. These biographical sketches are not exhaustive, but they are sufficiently informative to give the reader a rounded and understandable picture of each candidate. In addition, Stone has written detailed accounts of each election campaign and, although one campaign is pretty much like another, the author has managed to dust off the oblivion that coated these old battles so that they sparkle anew.

According to Mr. Stone, the electorate picked the better candidate eight times, the wrong candidate eight times; in the other three instances it wouldn't have mattered which candidate was elected.

Stone thinks that the United States would have benefited had Seymour, Cass, Hancock, Scott, Greeley, Cox, Fremont, and Davis been elected, but that the electorate was correct in rejecting Clay, Bryan, Douglas, Blaine, McClellan, Landon, Hayes (Tilden was actually elected), and Willkie. In the Parker-Roosevelt, Hughes-Wilson, and Smith-Hoover elections, either candidate was suitable.

Mr. Stone's appraisals are the interpretations of a liberal. If you accept all or most of them, the conclusion is inevitable that thus far democracy has barely proved itself. In casting around for reasons for this state of affairs, Mr. Stone finds:

> Throughout this story it has been evident that party lines have proven stronger than independent judgment; countless crimes against the welfare of the country and the best interests of the people have been committed in the name of partisanship. Popular government is thus faced with a dilemma: a two-party system is necessary to the functioning of a democracy, yet out of the two-party system has arisen a majority of the political ills of the nation. No political sulpha-drugs have been evolved which could eradicate these election diseases.

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In the light of what is going on in the United States today, Mr. Stone's book has a particular relevancy. The elections of 1942, the actions of Congress, black markets, the race riots are an all-too-familiar pattern of American history. A pattern you will better understand after reading "They Also Ran."

GEORGE JOEL

Fiction in Review

ALTHOUGH it is usually as meaningless to separate the style of a novel from its story as to separate the way an artist lays his paint on canvas from the content of his picture, Enrique Amorim's "The Horse and His Shadow" (Scribner's, $2.50) is one instance in which the division must be made. The cheap, muddy prose of this Uruguayan novel stands like a wall between the reader and a truly powerful novelistic conception. Of course Mr. Amorim wrote his book in Spanish and it would be easy to blame the bad prose on his translators—except that there is sufficient proof that the translation is faithful and that Mr. Amorim himself fancies his stylistic mannerisms. There is his habit of verbless sentences, whole paragraphs of them. There is his device of delaying a necessary explanation: for instance, when a blind character is introduced, we are in his company for fifteen pages before we are told of his affliction. There is even the trick—or perhaps it is no trick, but simply failure—of skipping explanation entirely: what is the role, for example, of the well-driller, Hoffman, in this novel? Even after we begin to catch on to, and are caught by, Mr. Amorim's story, we must reconcile ourselves to puzzlement and irritation.

Like most good South American fiction I have read, "The Horse and His Shadow" is a revolutionary novel but unlike the revolutionary fiction of our own country, it is subtle, fluid, based deep in the drama of human relationships. The action moves between the *estancia* of Nico Azara, outside Montevideo, and the community of Polish refugees and poor natives who live on the fringes of Nico's lands; on the *estancia* itself there is every shade of political opinion. In addition to the peons at the one extreme, and the arrogant Nico at the other, there is Adelita, Nico's wife, an aristocrat of decent liberal opinions; there is Bica, her servant but also her illegitimate half-sister, who lives in lonely severity among the men ranchers; there is Marcelo, Nico's brother, sought by the government for his part in smuggling refugees into Uruguay. Mr. Amorim, however, measures neither the decency and courage nor the weakness of these people by the familiar yardstick of their social-political views. If it is Marcelo who brings to the *estancia* the gift of the stallion, Don Juan, symbol of life-creating powers, and Marcelo who gives the stricken family of refugees permission to cross his brother's lands, it is also Marcelo who seduces Bica and then calmly goes on his way, leaving her pregnant. Again, Nico is the dark force of reaction in the book who, by refusing his neighbors access to the road across his fields, precipitates the tragedy with which the book ends; but the stallion knows Nico for his master, and in the duel in which Nico loses his life, the horse allows his body to be used as a barricade by his owner; Nico's death itself, for that matter, is a display of the kind of heroism which fiction likes to reserve for

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THE Nation

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heroes. Even the poor people in Mr. Amorim's novel, the gauchos and the struggling refugees, are shown quite naked of grandeur in an amazing scene in which two of their number steal the services of Don Juan for a broken-down mare. What Mr. Amorim is saying is what is too seldom said in fiction these days, that it is from the new and the old, from the mixture of good and evil, of the progressive and the retarding, that society must advance, and he says it in the only way fruitful for the novelist—by drama and even by melodrama.

It is of course dangerous to use the larger animals symbolically in fiction: one slip and the whole business becomes laughable. But unlike the stallion, say, in D. H. Lawrence's "St. Mawr," the horse whose shadow is so pervasive in Mr. Amorim's novel is never absurd because it is not only a sexual symbol but also an economic symbol, indeed an economic fact. This play between symbolisms and between symbol and reality strikes me as a fine complication in a novel of revolution. It almost makes us forgive Mr. Amorim's wretched writing.

By now you will have been assailed by the avalanche of advertising extolling the virtues of Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (Harper, $2.75). I am a little bewildered by so much response to so conventional a little book. Like the heroine of her first novel, Miss Smith was born and raised in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, but even without knowing this fact we could guess that the story was autobiographical. Women authors, especially, always regard their own childhoods as if the process of growing up were an experience reserved for people who will one day have the sensibility to write a book about it, and Miss Smith even falls into the common error of forgetting that it takes time to learn the language of literary sensibility: at sixteen, even at eleven, her Francie Nolan thinks with the mind of the mature Betty Smith. I quote at random: "She began to understand that her life might seem revolting to some educated people. She wondered, when she got educated, whether she'd be ashamed of her background. Would she be ashamed of her people; ashamed of handsome papa who had been so light-hearted, kind, and understanding; ashamed of brave and truthful mama, who was so proud of her own mother, even though granma couldn't read or write; ashamed of Neely, who was such a good, honest boy? No! No! If being educated would make her ashamed of what she was, then she wanted none of it." Well, I submit that these are neither the thoughts nor the words of an adolescent girl, but the thoughts and words of a mature person creating a "literary" image of herself as an adolescent girl.

Because Francie Nolan is very poor, Irish, a Catholic, and I suppose because a member of her family drinks, I have seen "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" compared to the novels of James Farrell, and all to the credit of Miss Smith's novel. This makes me very sad both for the condition of fiction reviewing and for Mr. Farrell, whatever his faults as a novelist of stature. Of course Francie Nolan's story is more cheerful than Danny O'Neill's and a more popular commodity, but surely popular taste should be allowed to find its emotional level without being encouraged to believe that a "heart-warming" experience is a serious literary experience.

DIANA TRILLING

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IN BRIEF

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Dwight Lowell Dumond. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

This general introduction to our history extends from the beginnings of English colonization to Pearl Harbor. Professor Dumond dedicates his book to "the young men and women who may be troubled by the present strange ways of the world about them, for I am confident that they will find some peace of mind from the perusal of its pages." His volume is an addition to the growing number of textbooks which are concerned with bringing American history closer to the student and reader. For example, the colonial period is not unduly expanded, although its high points are covered. On the other hand, modern times are given the attention they warrant. Professor Dumond is an authority on the slavery question, and his chapters on the pre-Civil War decades are particularly notable for their detail and analyses. The volume contains a group of interesting reproductions of eighteenth-century maps.

NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS. By Walter Sulzbach. American Council on Public Affairs. $3.

What is time? "If you don't ask me I know it, if you do, I don't." This was St. Augustine's answer to the question. A similar answer could be given to the question: What is a nation? Is it the homeland, the race, the language, the tradition, which creates the consciousness of unity? Professor Sulzbach's analysis of all these questions is based on a thorough knowledge of the vast literature dealing with the most dangerous of all current problems. He hopes that after this war it will be possible to sublimate the fighting impulse and to ridicule the ideology of nationalism in the same way as Cervantes's Don Quixote gave the death blow to the romanticism of medieval knighthood. Professor Sulzbach's book is well written and worth reading, but he seems to underestimate the economic forces behind nationalism. And although nationalism has become "a secular religion," in view of recent events we cannot subscribe to the author's statement that "the Pope's influence is so unimportant in international affairs that modern history can almost ignore it." The Washington-Madrid-Rome-Axis is not good evidence for this opinion.

FILMS

SEEING Ernst Lubitsch's "Heaven Can Wait" was a little like hearing Louis Armstrong play at his present best. It brought back a time when people really made good movies: it was so good I half believed Lubitsch could still do as well as the best he ever did, if he had half a chance.

"Heaven Can Wait" is not up to his best; nothing has been, for nearly twenty years. Its real matrix, for that matter, is the sort of smirking, "civilized," Central European puff paste with which the Theater Guild used to claim to bring vitality to the American stage. But it looks like a jewel against the wood-silk and cellophane which passes for a moving picture now that Hollywood has come of age. It has few of the jaw-breaking Lubitsch touches which at last I got tired of years ago and a lot of the gentler ones which, ham or not, I shall always like, and it has a good deal of the dry sparkle, the shrewd business, and the exquisite timing which made pictures like "Forbidden Paradise" and "Three Women" some of the best non-major jobs ever done. The sets, costumes, and props are something for history. I have to speak of it with less authority than intuition, but I thought the period work, in these respects—as in Lubitsch's modulations in styles of posture and movement—was about the prettiest and the most quietly witty I had ever seen. The color was just as good; it was used with sensitiveness and wit, I thought, for the first time. The script was hardly less accomplished, a beautifully set mosaic of kidded clichés. I saw nothing but good, anywhere, in the doll-like selection, manipulation, and performance of the large cast. That does not surprise me in people like Charles Coburn and Louis Calhern and Laird Cregar, but when you find it also in Don Ameche and Gene Tierney, amazed tribute is due somebody. It is certainly due Lubitsch; and (another superlative is unavoidable) it is due the most resourceful make-up job I have ever seen; and finally (I can still hardly believe it) it is due Mr. Ameche and Miss Tierney.

Good sets and props have done a lot for still another picture this month; excellent lighting, good camera work, and unusually good bit-casting have added so much edge and vitality that "The Fallen Sparrow" passes among many people for the almost-Hitchcock spy melodrama it certainly is not. Otherwise, the show is no harm and no special good; about the speed of second-best Pocket Book mysteries. Someone should tell Maureen O'Hara that if she is pretending to be a granddaughter of a French prince, she should leave off aiding China long enough to avoid calling him "France Wah." I have heard mild pleasure expressed over the fact that in this film the hero comes right out and says he fought the fascists in Spain. That seems to me to be now the strict equivalent of coming right out and saying that you were with Lee in Virginia. I should add that Mr. Garfield is required to explain that he has come of melodramatic age only since the outbreak of the World War (which set in, I understand, in 1939), and went to Spain merely as an eyedillist, doing what any kid would do.

Diana Trilling, writing about "Claudia" in book form, has said everything about her that so badly needed saying. Of the film version I can add only that it is very much worth seeing if you have a healthy mind and a sound stomach. What you see is a rather shrewdly lighted demonstration, on the part of a baby wife, an anthropophagous mother, and a gosh-all-friday husband, of their fetal, and nationally archetypical, incompetence to live; so presented that the audience, in a grand passion of self-recognition, cackles with delight. I cannot believe that this is good for the audience. A comic catharsis is as possible as a tragic and is, I suspect, more beneficent as well as more true (I still wait for an adequate comic treatment of "Hamlet" or "Lear"). But those aspects of "Claudia" which make it funny (to some) and the powder-puff gags which point it up, to say nothing of the processes of self-dethronement which must be shanghaied into service if one is to laugh at it, or pass it off, are not possible of catharsis, which is possible only to the pure in heart, the fearless; the whole business is, rather, auto-intoxication of the most sinister and endemic sort. There could be, and usually are, more thunderous diagnostic epitaphs upon dead civilizations, but when this one gets its turn, one that will do as well as any other ("Honesty is the best policy," "A boy's best friend is his mother," "I've got my living to make," "I got my orders," "Do you love me?" "How do you feel?" and "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance" are other apt candidates) is "Grin and bear it."

As Robert Stebbins wrote several years ago, Fred Astaire has a lot, besides his Mozartian abilities as a tap-dancer,

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which is as great, in its own way, as the best of Chaplin. It is in the walk, the stance, the face, the voice, the cool, bright, yet shadowless temper, and it would require the invention of a new character, the crystallization of a new manner, probably the development of a new cinematic form, to be adequately realized. It is present in "The Sky's the Limit," and gives the first half hour such charm and flow I half expected another "Top-Hat." I didn't get it. I liked the idea of a short, quiet musical about three people who, for once, play a triangle which is not an Iscariot marathon; but it would have required first-rate style and polishing in every department to come off, and had it in none. Astaire's new partner Joan Leslie has something, too, of a primitive sort. The not very eloquent but mailable way of saying it is that she is sometimes very uncomplicatedly pretty.

JAMES AGEE

MUSIC

MY North Carolina correspondent who wrote me from Boston about the first of the summer concerts by members of the Boston Symphony has continued to report on the subsequent concerts; and some of his observations are too interesting not to be shared with the readers of this column. As it happens, moreover, they are relevant to what I discussed last week—the unique insight and rectitude with which Ravel dealt with Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," the normal lack of these qualities in the other men who revised and transcribed Mussorgsky's music.

The second concert began with a Toccata, Bourée, and Giga by Scarlatti-Casella, concerning which my correspondent—who has the sharp perception of what goes on in an orchestral performance that one can have only from playing in orchestras (which is not to say that everyone who plays in orchestras has this perception)—writes that "the orchestration . . . is not very good late Italian after the manner of Respighi, though with the piano (thank God) left out. It is noisy, flashy, and slick; much given to instrumental 'effects,' but with little feeling for timbres, and a defective understanding of the use of choirs; too much of all the instruments playing together without achieving a real tutti; and a badly misplaced enthusiasm for the instruments of percussion. I fancy Scarlatti's hair would have stood on end if he could have heard the various snare-drums, tambourines, xylophones, tin pans, and what-nots that found their way into the score. The net result of all this is totally to obscure the style of the music without adding anything to it. The French, when in their right mind, do this sort of thing much better."

After Schubert's Fifth Symphony, Ravel's Pavane, and Ibert's Capriccio came the Suite No. 1 from Stravinsky's music "after Pergolesi" for the ballet "Pulcinella." My correspondent discusses the music and the orchestration separately; and of the music he estimates roughly that 60 per cent is Pergolesi, 5 per cent Stravinsky imitating Pergolesi, and the rest Stravinsky "imitating (very badly) his first style (30 per cent)" or "inadvertently succumbing to his old mannerisms (5 per cent)." Of this "the Pergolesi . . . is often very charming indeed, even (up to a point) with Stravinsky mannerisms sticking through, as in the Overture." But the results are very bad when Pergolesi gets mixed up with early Stravinsky. "He very nearly wrecks the Serenata (which should be a very lovely thing) in this manner by introducing some very unnecessary snorts and groans into the middle section. . . . The Duetto is a nightmare: as if Stravinsky dreamed up all that was worst about his early work and flung it into a short number for small orchestra. It has nothing whatsoever to do with Pergolesi, nor with anything else in the suite except the Finale. The little Menuetto starts out well enough, but before it has got very far it is enveloped in a transition almost like the one that leads into the coda of "The Firebird" (Stravinsky imitating himself), which leads into the Finale, which is some more imitation of the early Stravinsky: hammer-like rhythms mercilessly pounded out at the top of the orchestral voice, and small phrases thrown around and repeated *ad nauseam*. These two movements alone are enough to prove that Stravinsky hasn't the slightest idea what 'after Pergolesi' really means; one is not forced to examine the many minor incongruities to demonstrate the matter."

Of the orchestration 0 per cent is Pergolesi, 70 per cent modern French school, and 30 per cent "Stravinsky imitating his early orchestrations (i. e., Russian school, post-Rimsky-Korsakov). That is to say, the larger part of the suite (roughly . . . the part in which Pergolesi predominates) is scored in an intelligible manner for small orchestra, without recourse to Stravinsky's arsenal of (often misguided) orchestral virtuoso effects. It is the kind of orchestration a cultured French composer of the time might do: Honegger might have orchestrated the larger part of the suite; Ravel would have done it with greater sensitiveness"; and it shows "the extent to which [Stravinsky] had become identified with his adopted environment. The old Stravinsky crops out only when he is imitating himself: then we have such things as duets in the double basses against dissonant melodies in the trombone, and cries and wails torn from the extreme ranges of the winds, and snorts and grunts from the horns." And, my correspondent might have added, the notorious jazz glissandos from the trombone.

B. H. HAGGIN

CONTRIBUTORS

JOACHIM JOESTEN is an assistant editor of *Newsweek* dealing with foreign affairs. He is the author of "Stalwart Sweden," published recently by Doubleday, Doran.

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DONALD W. MITCHELL, professor of political science at Sam Houston State Teachers College in Texas, is at work on a history of the United States Navy since 1883, for which Alfred A. Knopf has granted him a literary fellowship of $1,250.

BOGDAN RADITSA was named chief of the foreign-press division of the Yugoslav government in 1940, but was removed before taking up his duties, at the intercession of the Axis foreign ministers, Ribbentrop and Ciano. His anti-fascist articles in the European press had made him undesirable. He is the author of "Conversations with Guglielmo Ferrero" and "The Agony of Europe."

RALPH BATES lived in Spain from 1923 until the end of the civil war, and was an organizer of the International Brigade. His books include "Lean Men," "The Olive Field," and "Sirocco."

GEORGE JOEL is an editor of the Dial Press. He has written reviews for a number of newspapers.

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Letters to the Editors

Lida Gustava Heymann

Dear Sirs: Your readers will be grieved to learn of the death of one of the most prominent women in Europe: Lida Gustava Heymann. She was one of the strongest among the leading personalities of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. She was a world citizen in the widest sense, complete in integrity and nobility of spirit and temperament, magnanimous in what she gave and thought and did, of unbending will and unshakable civil courage.

Few of her international coworkers and friends suspected that she was a member of a prosperous Protestant commercial family of Hamburg. They knew her only as the firebrand who stood always on the side of all victims of injustice. She founded the first progressive kindergarten in Hamburg, the first progressive school for girls, the first training school for girl clerks; and her movement for the abolition of brothels and the regulation of prostitution left an enduring impression on the social institutions of her home town.

Then, shortly after 1900, came her move to Munich and decades of happy and fruitful work with Anita Augspurg: the building of an independent woman-suffrage movement, work for universal, equal, secret, and direct votes for men and women, and work for international peace. Together with women of other countries she organized the International Congress of Women at the Hague in 1915 and played a leading part in its meetings and in the International Women's Committee for Permanent Peace, which it founded. When, in 1919 in Zürich, this committee took the name of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, she became its vice-president and the leading spirit of the German section.

In the spring of 1917 she was expelled from Munich because of her opposition to the war. She returned there, however, when the war was over. When women obtained suffrage in 1918 she founded a periodical, *Woman in the State,* which she edited with Anita Augspurg for fifteen years. As she stood against the World War during 1914 to 1918, so later she stood against the civil war in Germany. When in Bavaria White and Red troops stood facing one another, it was at her suggestion that women went to the soldiers and induced them to agree not to fire on one another. When Hitler began his Putsches, she and her coworkers demanded his banishment from Bavaria, but the Bavarian government was afraid of "making martyrs."

In 1933 she was again an exile, but her energies did not lessen. In a little attic in Zürich she wrote her books, made regular contributions to magazines and newspapers, and helped hundreds of members of the Women's International League who had been driven from home and were living in many different countries. A whole generation of internationally minded women are deeply conscious of their great indebtedness to Lida Gustava Heymann and will find strength in the memory of her vitality, her elemental power of intuition, and her faith in women's active and creative powers.

GERTRUDE BAER

New York City, August 20

A Natural Tory Retorts

Dear Sirs: In your issue of August 14 appeared a letter from Edward J. Leonard which I quote: "I am willing to grant that certain minds which are truly informed might honestly arrive at a reactionary conclusion, a conclusion which I would reject. These are natural Tories and not all of them are uninformed or unintelligent. Their limitation is one of heart rather than of head. They are ungenerous and lack a social conscience. They need more of the milk of human kindness. Also, usually, they are unimaginative."

The most irritating quality of the so-called liberal is his confusion of his political principles with universal moral laws. He is never willing to allow the conservative another interpretation of justice and morality, even a misguided one. His is the right one, and there is nothing more to be said. The conservative must be either a fool or a knave. The conscientious conservative will acknowledge the good intention and integrity of the radical whose ideas he detests, but he seldom has this courtesy reciprocated. Further, the conservative will read the opinions of representative liberals in such publications as *The Nation,* if only to see what he has to contend with from the party which is predominant, at present, in the field of ideas. Yet the liberal will seldom, if ever, concern himself with the writings of intelligent conservatives, past or present, since he, in his enlightenment, can gain nothing from such stuff.

I am not a Republican and never have been, but I am one of Mr. Leonard's natural Tories and not ashamed of the name. Conscientious Tories are capable of devotion to duty and principle quite equal to that of any liberal.

NELL JOAN RANSON

Houston, Texas, August 16

Riga or Niger?

Dear Sirs: The reference in your issue of May 29—I've just been running through my *Nation* file before turning it over to the Extension Division—to "the young lady of Riga, who smiling rode out on a tiger," raises a number of interesting questions.

Historically speaking, in so far as history is recorded in literature, wasn't it a young lady of *Niger* who rode out thus? Incidentally, wouldn't Niger give a more convincing background for the episode? Where would a young lady of Riga get a tiger to ride out on?

Psychologically speaking, could we account for the change to *Riga* through our contemporary Russian alliance? Then, linguistically—or perhaps better, dialectically—speaking (if we concede *Riga* instead of *Rega*), what about the end rhyme? The Eastern trick of pronouncing "r" where it isn't instead of where it is puzzles a Westerner, even of New England antecedents. If the Easterner pronounces "Rig*er,*" what becomes of "tig*ah*"? If a Westerner has to be called in to say "tig*er,*" what becomes of "Rig*a*"?

Material here for a doctor's thesis!

R. MORGAN

Lawrence, Kansas, August 20

[Mr. Morgan's linguistic argument is stronger than his geographic one. After all, the Niger is a river and not a place, and there is no suggestion that the young lady was a water nymph. Moreover, the authorities do not support his theory. "The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations" gives the stamp of its approval

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to the Riga version, crediting it to Langford Reed's "The Limerick Book."—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Hard Choice for Italy

Dear Sirs: On August 12 a domestic broadcast of the OWI stated that the press in Italy is not free, because it is Badoglio who appoints the editors. His régime, said the OWI broadcast, is therefore like the Fascist. On the same day it was announced that the newspaper *Corriere di Catania* had started publication under the direction of the Amgot.

The OWI broadcasts say that there has not been any change in the Italian régime because the different parties are not legally recognized. The Amgot has suppressed for the duration all political activities in Sicily and has prohibited any contact with anti-Fascist exiles.

The Atlantic Charter promises freedom of religion. According to an A. P. dispatch General Alexander, governor of Sicily, has recommended that Sicilian schools be put under the jurisdiction of the Catholic church. This dependence was abolished in Italy after the Bourbons' régime.

In occupied Italy the people are violently eliminating the Fascists. In Sicily the Fascists, if not too compromised, are preserved in the administration. And Amgot selects Cardinal Lavitrano, one of the most fiery Fascists in Sicily, as "spokesman" for the Sicilians. How can the Italian people make a decision? How can they, under the air attacks, choose between the Badoglio régime and that of the Amgot?

AURELIO NATOLI

Woodside, L. I., August 16

Fathers Should Fight

Dear Sirs: What's all the hullabaloo about drafting fathers? Why all this sudden, solicitous slush and sentimentality? It all seems to emanate from sources which, in the past, were none too cooperative in the war effort.

When it came to defending their respective countries, England, Russia, and China, our allies, made no distinction between sons and their sacrosanct fathers. Are we to pamper our adult men now? A fine example and inspiration for our boys in the service! It was the fathers who passed the act directing our boys to shoulder arms; how about their pitching in a bit themselves?

It's about time for the people to speak loud enough for every official in and out of Congress to hear and fear. On the whole, our armed forces have done a splendid job to date. The draft is primarily of military necessity and concern. The isolationists, the sob-sisters, and the crackpots, do they think they can do better than our Commander-in-Chief and Generals Hershey and Marshall? They have done enough damage already.

P. S. My only son, God bless him, enlisted before being drafted. I wouldn't mind being in the service, too. Yes, I've applied. M. H. COHN

South Orange, N. J., August 20

Variations on the Four Freedoms

Dear Sirs: During a midwinter blackout two of us happened to be on a country hillside reviewing the Four Freedoms. Being nonconformists at heart, we felt that perhaps what this particular section of civilization needed at the moment was four quite different freedoms, freedoms less orthodox and more honest, freedoms which offered more challenge than security.

For one thing, we were tired of being forced to comment on everything. On a moment's notice we all had to be for or against Giraud, for or against the British stand in India, for or against Ruml's Pay-As-You-Go Plan. We were expected to revise our judgments hourly. Not only that, but we had to say what we thought as soon as we had thought it. If we hadn't thought yet, we had to cook up some ambiguity. We had to comment on the commentators who were already commenting too much. And then our comments were commented on, and so it went, getting nobody anywhere and completely clouding the issue. Freedom *from* speech, at least until everyone let his thinking and knowledge catch up with his comments, seemed to have very definite advantages.

As for freedom of religion, it seemed to us that perhaps what the gods needed was not so much ceremony as cooperation. If you could be ceremonious and cooperate at the same time, fine. But if there had to be a choice, we favored freedom *from* ceremony in behalf of freedom *for* cooperation. That reminded us of a road sign we had seen back in 1941 when things—cities and ideologies, races and creeds and ships—were beginning to be demolished at an alarming rate: "Danger—construction ahead." How much danger there is in construction we should have learned by this time.

At this point we heard a panther very close by us in the bushes. It breathed heavily and moved nearer. Freedom *from* fear was fast proving more of a strain than freedom *of* fear. We wanted to be afraid of the dark and of panthers. It seemed more honest somehow. We wanted to be afraid of what was going to happen next both on the hillside and in the war. We wanted to be afraid that we might not live happily ever after. We were quite sure we wouldn't. We wanted to be afraid of Germany and Japan. They seemed formidable. We wanted to be afraid of what our own statesmen would do, and we thought they might do wiser things if they were afraid too. People in general didn't seem half enough afraid. The panther in the bush never jumped. But that didn't make us less fearful of panthers we have met since. Some people wouldn't ever believe there *were* any panthers. We saw its tracks in the snow the next morning.

We knew that freedom from want in its present strenuous sense was not to be toyed with. We longed desperately for the day when no one would be unfed, unclothed, and unsheltered—and unhappy. And yet, taking liberties with the word "want," we knew that if the day came when no one wanted something he didn't have, progress and civilization would be at an end. When cows stop reaching under the fence for the grass on the other side, when men stop wanting to make better wheelbarrows and to write better poetry, freedom will lose its meaning. We resolved to encourage freedom *of* want. As far as we were concerned, we were going to let people want anything they wanted to want. It is a promising sign when people want things they haven't got or want to do things better than they have ever done them. And it is a still more promising sign when some of the people want other people to have things they haven't had and perhaps haven't even had the freedom to want.

MARY COOLEY

Milford, N. J., August 20

The Late Raymond Knister

Dear Sirs: Mr. Rolfe Humphries expertly disposes of Moult's "Best Poems of 1942." It is also gratifying to have Mr. Humphries protest the inadequate representation of Canada. I think, however, I can explain why Raymond Knister did not write one of the "best" poems of 1942. He's been dead eleven years. RALPH GUSTAFSON

New York City, August 23

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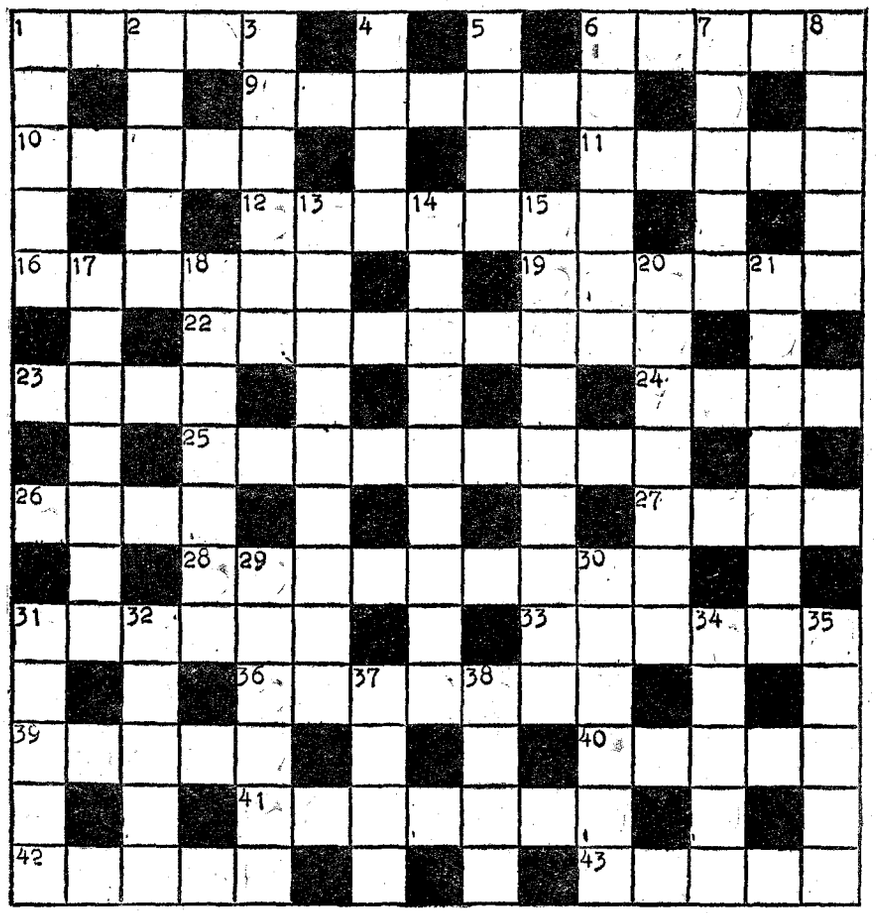
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 28

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 A poem in manuscript
6 Torso gone to sleep
9 Little Brass Hat
10 "-----, believe me, appear the Immortals, ----- alone" (Coleridge)
11 People who forge this generally take lead
12 Publishers
16 A beard (anag.)
19 Lost, eh? Try the inn
22 Inattentive
23 Conspire to get a Victory Garden?
24 Shout to attract attention
25 Let me, Lena (anag.)
26 It loses its horns when it reaches maturity
27 A restless hankering
28 Oil obtained from the pedal extremities of oxen (hyphen, 5 and 4)
31 "An ------ crying for the light, and with no language but a cry" (Tennyson)
33 A settlement in Spanish America
36 Same lie! (anag.)
39 Useful girl to have around when you're mixing a Martini
40 It isn't vulgarly a blemish
41 Weaving implement with the top closed
42 Fairy-like creature
43 He goes on back to get forward

DOWN

1 Food from above
2 One kind of sole with many above
3 "The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out: at one ------ comes the dark" (The Ancient Mariner)
4 Home-keeping youth have ever homely ones, said Shakespeare
5 It's an ill wood wind that nobody blows very good
6 "On life's vast ocean diversely we sail, ------ the card, but passion is the gale" (Essay on Man)
7 A bit of overtime
8 Not a permanent wave, thank goodness.
13 Separate from others
14 There never will be --------- peace, people always will get married
15 It periodically changes the direction of an electric current
17 It would be a blessing if everyone were excluded from it
18 The insect world's contribution to radio
20 Fifth century counterpart of the modern flagpole squatter?
21 Concerned with morals
29 She-men (anag.)
30 Routes (anag.)
31 Images that might become solid
32 Falderal
34 Love proverbially is
35 Piece of pottery that is hunted
37 Source of arrowroot
38 Do I owe thanks for such a trifle?

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 27

ACROSS:—1 LICK INTO SHAPE; 10 RIMLESS; 11 TERRAIN; 12 NERVINE; 13 PROWLER; 14 ILLNESS; 15 SKEPTIC; 16 GOURMET; 20 TANGLED; 23 OPINION; 24 ROADMAN; 25 GROWTHS; 26 OPERATE; 27 ON A PLANTATION.

DOWN:—2 IMMORAL; 3 KHEDIVE; 4 NESTERS; 5 OCTOPUS; 6 HORMONE; 7 PLAYLET; 8 DRINKING SONGS; 9 UNPRECEDENTED; 17 UNICORN; 18 MAINTOP; 19 TUNISIA; 20 TURNOUT; 21 NEATEST; 22 LUMBAGO.

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